

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1893

No 1996 VOL. 77

Copyright, 1893, by ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY.—All rights reserved.



A CHRISTMAS VISIT TO GRANDMA.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.



The Mad Music

by Kate Jordan

THERE was an Arctic wind abroad, its sweep level, its edge like a blade. The fresh snow upon the Colorado plain rose in whirling columns and raced before it through the grayness brooding eternal everywhere.

From her seat beside the stove, where the fuchsia-tinted flames sent up tiny fountains of sparks, Jean watched these ghostly spirals revolve to the horizon. She had been alone in the school-house all of that December day. No scholar had come to break the quiet and save her from the host of uneasy, remorseful thoughts tormenting her.

In the dreariness of the room, and in contrast to that wan world outside, her face, above the bed of living coals, received a glow like that found in the curled heart of a pale rose. It was a face of blended force and ethereality, unusually delicate in coloring; the hair a pale flaxen and marvelously fine; the skin transparent and of porcelain-like pallor save where the soft oval of the cheek was brushed by the tenderest pink; the eyes blue-gray and speckled like an agate.

In her expression lay the charming denial to this spirituality. Laughter and independence showed in the saucy mouth and chin, fire and pride in her direct, changing gaze. She was of middle height, but carried herself with a stateliness that made her appear taller. A power slept in her soul that might have made anything of her,—yet not anything—a queen, maybe, a heroine, a sinner, a martyr, but never a slave. Destiny afforded her no wider opportunities than were found in a school-teacher's province in a Colorado settlement.

A vibration swung out from the clock on her table, and she counted the strokes. Three! She would wait no longer for her father. It would be dark in a little more than an hour, and perhaps something unusual had prevented his coming back early from the station with the mail.

She had faced worse storms than this riot of wind. Why need she sigh and sigh and feel her heart grow cold at the thought of crossing half a mile of snow to her home? There was really nothing to be alarmed about. True, a dozen Utes had killed the agent on the reservation, and the whole tribe, being under the condemnation of the government, had withdrawn to the far-off forests and mountain passes to starve in frenzy and bitterness. But it was almost a surety that their rage and ferocity would expend themselves in their mad dances. The soldiers were on the watch. The white settlers had nothing to fear.

As she moved toward the corner where her long-sleeved cloak and fur hood hung the wind swept around the little house, and the air was rent as if by snarling voices. The quiet that followed the clamor seemed full of prophecy.

Jean stood in an attitude of waiting, and her heart-beats were quick. Was that a cry with a savage note in it? What was that shadow as if drifting with the storm? Not a fancy, for it came nearer and darkened the frost-gemmed pane.

One glance toward it and she fell back against the wall, a death-like whiteness suddenly striking her face from brow to chin. No breath appeared to come from her dry, open lips; her arms hung at her sides.

The wall against which she stood was level with the window, and, unseen herself, she could plainly see the shadow explain itself, put forth features, expression, until her dread became a reality, and the face of an Indian gloomed there, the brow against the glass.

His eyes in the deep sockets held a flame that lit up his gaunt features, the skin was meagrely stretched across his cheekbones, the hand that gripped the thin blanket across his breast was emaciated, and held a sinister resemblance to an eagle's claw.

He shook the bars that guarded the window, clung to them a moment, then disappeared. Jean heard him at the door. Three times he flung all the force of his body against

it. After that there was silence. When she crept to the window she saw him crossing the plain. He moved with a patient step, and as one who expects nothing. On the snow were plainly the marks of his moccasined feet,

each one blood-stained. She clasped her hands in a singular mixture of pity and terror.

"How long will they be patient?" came in a long-drawn breath from her lips.

The room became suddenly horrible to her. Better the white plain and the breath of the storm, however bitter, than silence and such thoughts. The Indian was still to be seen, a speck against the gray, when she turned her face toward the village.

She hurried on, but at every step the wind warred with her. Although no snow was falling, the air was filled with it, an icy spray rising upward, stinging her eyes to blindness and deadening her flesh. The dampness made by her struggling breath around her lips hardened into an icy band. Soon it became difficult to move her weighted limbs, and the church, the first building between the school-house and the

small village proper, seemed to her dulled gaze to be retreating in folds of snow that encircled its steeple like the windings of a wraith's robe.

Beaten, breathless, the velvet hood pushed back from her chilled face as by the touch of a rude hand, she reached the church door. From within came the subdued, appealing strains of a violin. Barry was there, and shelter and rest!

She sank on the steps, and with her numbed, mittened hands beat fiercely against the wood.

"Barry! Barry!" she called with all her waning strength, and the winds around the corners seemed gossiping in shrill whispers, as if they said:

"Barry! Barry! Why does she call him? Did she not send him away only last night? Does she love him after all? Barry! Barry!"

There was the clack of a bolt, and the door was opened so suddenly that, kneeling as she was, she almost fell forward at the feet of the young man who appeared, his face showing whitely against the dusky background of the church.

He was dark to swarthy, handsome in feature, tall, and vigorously built. His eyes were of a bright, greenish hazel, with lashes of intense black. He had the sensitive, passionate mouth of a musician whose art is almost fanaticism, and a poise of head that hinted at pride and leadership. It was a good face, quick with poetry and fire.

The tone in which he spoke the girl's name was as full of love as a minor note of pathos. He lifted her in his powerful young arms and stood looking into her eyes, his own heavy with pain and tenderness.

"Jean, I was thinking of you," he said, simply.

"Oh, I have come to tell you, Barry—I want to tell you the truth!" came in a heavy sob from Jean's lips.

He drew her in and closed the door. There was a sudden radiant hope in his face.

"You are cold—worn out," he said almost formally. "Sit here near the stove and let me chafe your hands."

But when he touched the blue, deadened palms a surge of feeling overcame him, and he pressed his burning lips to them.

"Jean, do you love me, then?"

On his bowed head she laid her other hand, and her voice was quiet, but something in it suggested a barrier against which a tumult of feeling was pressing.

"I do love you—I do, I do!" she repeated. "I knew it, dear, long ago. But I was ambitious, and I had sworn to go away from this place sometime and find a fuller life. I wanted power, excitement, money. Don't hate me for it. I looked my love in the face. I looked at these possibilities and I sent you away when you showed me your heart."

Her eyes were fixed upon a distant, shadowy corner. In their blueness there was a feverish glitter.

"But to-day I was alone in the school. Not even one child came. Just before leaving home this morning Horace Fenn rode in from the plains with the story that the Indians had gone mad. I couldn't get rid of the thought, and all through the lonely day one phrase throbbed in my brain: 'If Barry died!'"

She encircled his head in her arms and laid her lips upon his tanned cheek in sudden, yearning passion, as if reclaiming something dear and almost lost.

"I had never considered that before. You are so big and strong. It had seemed to me that you would be always here, always loving me in silence, and that if I found ambition flavorless I could come back to you for shelter, for comfort. It was a selfish thought. I saw that, and at the same time, while the terror of the Indians was with me and I fancied you lying dead in the snow, my heart seemed bursting with the love that rushed into it. Oh, Barry," she sobbed, "I had starved my heart! I had stood on the defensive against you, my pride the

weapon in my hand. That is over now forever. I love you—love you."

They clung to each other in the still, shadowy place, reveling in the glory that was in themselves.

"And so you were afraid, you foolish girl," and Barry laughed aloud in his joy. "The Indians won't dare! Oh, no. A few wild dances, a defiance as unreasonable as it is futile, then hunger will conquer; they will come in to the reservation again and meet the government's demands. Ah, Jean, have you ever thought how all our world takes coloring from ourselves?" he asked, springing up, a jubilant young figure. When I came in here this morning I moved in a grayness and coldness whose memory will never quite leave me. Now, although I still hear the rush of the wind, my fancy sees only skies of blue and gold, lakes holding the reflection of the green, quivering world. It is love, dear, love of you. The spring is with myself. You brought it to me, Jean."

Her eyes fell upon the violin lying on one of the pews, and he saw the glance.

"What would I have done to-day without this lesser mistress of my heart?" he said, picking it up and holding it tensely to him. "After I had gone over Sunday's anthems I took this from its hiding-place, Jean, and played until my heart quivered from the echo of its sympathy. I let it tell me of everything—of you, standing afar from me, of the pain and horror of it all, of the future that seemed engulfing, chilling, coming on like a gray tide to seize me. Oh, how it spoke!"

Jean crept nearer to him and laid her hand on the violin. It was Barry Frere's one precious possession—an Amati that had been his father's; the only thing of value saved through the chances and hardships of a disappointed pioneer's life.

Jean's soft, pink cheek was pressed to his, a strand of her wind-loosened, silver-gold hair falling softly to her shoulder.

"Play what I love!" she pleaded.

A shade passed over Barry's face. "No, no," he stammered. "Not the mad music to-day, darling."

She looked at him with loving, puzzled eyes.

"How odd that the melody born in your own brain should be able to conquer and torture you so. It almost seems to frighten you," she whispered.

"Yes; there is fear in my feeling for it. I can't quite understand it myself." His fingers moved tenderly over the strings, his eyes looked beyond Jean. "I played it here for the first time at midnight of the day my father died. All the futility of life's protest against death went into it. Its sweetness, taking unguessed-at turnings, drained my heart of strength. My life seemed ebbing away on its pulsing tide. It soared to a sublime madness, sank to whisperings that pierced but never soothed. And yet," he said, looking into Jean's fascinated eyes, "so perfectly did I note every strain and hold it in my mind, I might have been an attentive listener to another's playing rather than one borne onward by a frenzied inspiration. I knew the music would never leave me—that, bewitched in spite of myself, I should play it again and again, every note! When I flung down my violin and burst into tears—that was three years ago, I was a boy and wept more easily then—part of myself had gone into the mad music, part of youth that never could return, and in it was born the knowledge of sorrow that is manhood's heritage. My heart contracts when I hear it, Jean. A delirium of feeling seizes me that is actual pain. The mad music," he said, slowly, "I think—I think—if I were dead and heard it played I must come back; I must make some sign. It tortures yet entrances me, holds me, tyrannizes over me, subdues me."

"And I love it," came in a fierce breath from Jean's lips as she gently drew the violin from his hold. "See, Barry, see how your pupil has progressed. I have dared to learn the mad music. Listen!"

She stepped away from him and lifted the violin to her cheek. For the moment his artistic sense alone was awake, and he was acutely conscious of the exquisite picture she made, the last grayness of day floating about her delicately-toned head, her eyes dreamily heavy, her lips parted and half-smiling. He felt the pervading power of her beauty, he knew he loved her—that was all.

But as she drew the bow across the strings and commenced the first wavering, minor bars of the music that had seemed whispered to him by the demon of unrest, his face grew drawn. To hear Jean evoking those strains that breathed of fate seemed suddenly horrible, unfitting, unbearable. He went quickly to her side, drew her eagerly to him and kissed her.

"There is agony in it!" he said, sharply. "And I want you to be happy, Jean, happy always. Never play that again. Oh, never!"

He put the violin back in its niche by the organ, and in a few moments they were hurrying villageward, Jean leaning against his sturdy, enfolding arm.

Toward midnight the wind sank, and over the rim of the white world a round moon floated, a pale, late watcher with a cynical eye. The village was asleep in the white light and the silence. It seemed to Jean that the whole world lay under the midnight spell, and that she and the unwinking moon alone viewed the blue heavens and the shadowless land. In her loose, white gown of woolen stuff, as she knelt upon the window-seat she looked part of the cold glory herself—the phosphoric radiance upon her hair turning it to silver, making the oval of her cheek coldly set and of ivory pallor.

Useless to try to sleep. She had arisen, trembling and chilled, from a feverish dream in which the starved Indian who had that day peered through the school-room window had

played a ghastly part. The village was so still, the sleeping people so easily at the mercy of whatever horror might come unawares! How could they sleep? Why were they not watching like her?

She shrank from the contact of the icy glass and let her head droop to her knee. It was then she thought of Barry, and her heart warmed with a sense of comfort. She had made amends for her cruelty. She had kissed the lips which had uttered such hopeless, farewell words the night before. All was well with them.

"Oh, love, my love!" she whispered; but the elation died quickly, for to her morbidly acute senses the ticking of the clock was like the delighted clucking of an evil tongue.

Almost angrily she looked up, and the expression of her face changed convulsively. She shivered and crouched in the window-seat, a figure of stone with eyes of fire.

She was not dreaming still? Her fears had not made her mad? No, no. There was a growing shadow on the white horizon where the snow-drifts were like the frothy edges of a pulseless sea.

The shadow rose as a ship comes into view until, patterned blackly against the luminous blue, an Indian stood declared. There was another shadow. This was followed by scores that rose almost rhythmically along the level line. Then before Jean's eyes hundreds and hundreds appeared, sinister and black. The Indians were coming.

To exert her will over her leaden, shivering body and make her way from the room was an effort fraught with incomparable pain, for fear, that appalling, physical fear that seems to turn blood to water, had seized her. She crawled down the creaking stairs uttering wordless cries of warning. To startled inquiries from her father and brother she could only stammer:

"The Indians! The Indians!"

The urgent thought in her brain was:

"The bell! The bell!"

She opened the door at the back of the small shop, which was the village post-office, and as she plunged into the snow realized for the first time that she was barefoot. The drifts were to her knees in places, and the chill became a band of ice around her burning heart.

She went to the shed in the small patch of ground and seized the rope that hung from it. It was frozen. "No, no!" she shrieked in frantic tones. "You must ring—you must!"

Taking it in both hands she raised herself upon it again and again with all her strength until she heard the ice cracking, and the great alarm-bell rang out. Its sonorous voice in mad insistence rent the silent air and filled it with clamor. At almost the first peal it was answered by a yell that held the note of doom in it.

But still, while her sensibilities grew dulled, she tugged automatically at the rope, and still the brazen voice, through the windows of the shed, called the people to awake and fight for life. While she worked there, her fallen hair lashing her shoulders like a glistening rope, fragments of passionate prayer struggled from her lips:

"Save them, God—oh, God! Pity! Save us! The children. Oh, the children—the little children!"

She heard her father call her to come in, and as she turned a pair of arms seized her. The shriek that rose to her lips died feebly as she saw Barry's face close to her own.

"You must come with me to where my mother and some other women are hiding. Let the men look out for themselves," he whispered between struggling breaths that told of mad running, and lifting her in his arms he plunged through the snow toward the village outskirts.

Jean's eyes fell back over his shoulder, and she saw the first flames leap as if in bloody affront to the pure sky. Then it seemed that hell opened. There were blows that shook the ground, pistol-shots, shrieks, the terrified wailing of children, and above all the shrill, savage yell quivering with blood madness. The winding village street was lit by the steady flames and flashed with the relentless figures of the savages leaping in insane glee. And there were other figures there, not Indians—the supplicating figures of women; but Jean could not look. A moan broke from her that seemed to rend her heart.

She became conscious that Barry was descending steps, and knew they were entering a great hole roughly hollowed in the ground—a place of refuge during the cyclones that at times swept the mighty plain. It was densely black, and so quiet it seemed untenanted, but Jean felt a woman's arms receive her, and lips quivering with stifled weeping were pressed to her cheek.

Everything seemed to slip from her into a mist. Hours passed. She was aroused by Barry's returning. He struck a match as he entered the icy hole, and she saw his hands and face were blood-stained and black from smoke.

"It will be over soon. Half are gone now," he gasped. "Horace Fenn, hearing your bell, Jean, rode toward the fort and aroused the camp. It was watching on the other side, never dreaming the Indians would dare to cross the plain. Your father and brother are all right, Jean, dear. They made a brave fight, for the devils were after the mail. Now be quiet a little longer. A few stragglers may pass this way."

He crawled out, and the women in darkness could see his crouching figure in the moonlight above. A cry from him reached them.

"The church!" he stammered. "The church! The fiends have fired it."

Jean knew what that sob of dismay, rage, and yearning meant. His violin! His Amati! It was hidden there. He hesitated only for a moment, then dashed from their sight.

Through the long hours that followed Jean listened to his mother's prayers for his safety, heard her speak his name in accents of passionate suspense; but she lay in silence watching the silvered light from above, and waiting for his impetuously moving shadow to darken the brilliant square.

He did not come.

At morning, like ghosts from an under world, they ventured out. Jean's first glance was toward the church. It was a smoking shell, the morning sky its roof. No living thing was near it.

They made their way to the village, reassured by a far-off glimpse of the blue coats worn by the United States soldiers.

Disaster and death strewed the path at every step. It seemed to Jean she would never see snow again without in fancy covering it with those lurid spots and thready, purple streams. Blood! Blood! Familiar faces, rigid, mutilated. The smoking ruins of houses on every hand. These were the things they saw, but of Barry Frere, alive or dead, there was no sign.

If he met death in the burning timbers of the church while trying to save his violin, nothing remained to tell of it. It seemed scarcely likely the Indians had taken him with them, since killing him would have been a surer and easier revenge.

Search-parties returned wearily from hopeless quests, and the mystery grew deeper. Soon his name was mentioned only in whispers of wonder and dread. The unknowable surrounding his fate was worse than the most positive butcheries on which the eyes had shudderingly rested.

Jean was stricken by a tenacious fever, and when, months afterward, she took her place again in the school-room, she was like one moving among earthly things without seeing or understanding them. Her face wore the look one sees in the eyes of suffering animals—the same apathetic dismay. She went through her tasks listlessly, and when the children were gone would often sit watching the edge of the plain, picturing the joy of seeing Barry's figure on the horizon, and knowing the contrasting bitterness of despair.

"The fancy will eat my heart out," she cried one day, when the longing of her sick soul became unbearable. "He will not come. He is dead. If I could but think him so, and cease watching—listening."

Never had the spring been so welcome to Jean as this year. The green things made their pulsing way through the snow, the skies were plains of azure stretching in unvarying limpidity over the flat, blossoming land, the birds in legion from the south made long lines of brown against the bright heavens. She knew where streams slipped musically over beds of shadowed rock; she knew where the monotony of the plain was broken to the east by stretches of woods, fragrant and restful. Her heart, still bleeding from its wound, went out for comfort to the still ecstasy of the glowing land.

On a May afternoon, just at that hour between the blue of the full day and the edge of twilight, she sat on a sloping bank looking up at the clouds lying like branching veins and arteries upon the blue. Rosetti's poems were on her lap. A big dog that had been Barry's scampered among the trees; she could see him in the distance, interlaced shadows glancing down his sinuous, yellow body.

She was thinking of Barry, and a verse she had just read kept repeating in her brain:

"Oh, nearest, furthest, can there be
At length some hard-earned, heart-won home,
Where—exile changed to sanctuary—
Our lot may fill indeed its sum,
And you may wait, and I may come?"

The sadness that enfolded her like an atmosphere was broken by the wailing of the dog. So full of grief was it, so keen at times with an ecstasy that was human, she sprang up, listening, a throbbing ache filling her throat, a spiritual whiteness spreading like a mask over her face.

While she hesitated the dog came bounding to her, his amber-hued eyes misty and entreating. He fawned upon her in a prayer not the less passionate because it was wordless.

She followed him deeply into the wood, and across a narrow, hidden foot-path, where the slanting sunlight danced upon his face, a dusty traveler lay senseless. He was ragged, the moccasins upon his feet hanging in shreds and telling of long travel. An old slouch hat covered his matted hair, a strip of soiled blanket took the place of a coat, and wrapped in this, guarded tenderly even by his unconscious arm, was a violin. The gaunt face, blue in the hollows below the eyes, covered by a ragged beard, changed by starvation and lines of pain, was Barry Frere's.

For a moment everything swayed before Jean, then a light that seemed divine poured upon her brain and she knew the truth. The conjecture she had long ago put aside as hopeless, that Barry had been taken a prisoner by the Utes, returned now as a fact. He was not unknown to the Indians; often, in friendly times, he had gone to the reservation and played on the violin at the mission school. What more likely than that they had captured him for his music, of which they were passionately fond? What more likely than that he had waited in the wild country to which they had retreated until a chance of escape had been seized? Ah, how he must have suffered in the perilous flight through the drear, unbroken lands so far away, starving and hiding on the desolate march!

Jean fell on her knees and covered his face with kisses. She even kissed the bleeding feet, the nerveless hand curled around the neck of the violin, and laying her head upon the silent breast called to him in tones of imperious anguish:

"Oh, love, love! Barry, my dear, my dear. Speak to me! Speak to me!"

What if he were really dead after all? Not unconscious, not exhausted, but dead, so near home, even as snow-bound travelers on Alpine heights succumb to the drowsiness that is fatal just within sight of a fire-lit cottage?

Running to a stream not far away she filled her hat with water and dashed it in his face. He opened his eyes languidly, looked at her, past her, and sighed.

"Barry!" she cried, hanging over him with clasped hands, waiting for the delight of recognition. But none came. The eyes had a settled wildness in them and seemed as incapable of a comprehensive glance as those of a new-born child. The appalling truth forced itself upon Jean; it laid cold hands upon her, seemed mocking her amaze, seemed chuckling in her ear:

"He has come back, but he does not know you. He never will know you, for he is mad. Yes, his mind is peacefully deranged. See him smiling at the clouds. You have found him only to discover that the spirit of sense that made him himself is gone. The lamp is yours—the light is out forever."

She started to her feet, her young face aged, and lifted her protesting arms to the skies.

"It isn't true. Oh, God, show me how to save him! Give him back to me—*living!*"

When she looked again at Barry through a mist of tears that scorched her cheeks she saw he had not even heard the words,

or if heard that they had made no impression on him. Could she do nothing? Oh, though she wept her heart out there, he would not know! She might lavish upon him all the wild caresses prompted by her desperate grief, and they would be no more to him than the movement of the breeze. And yet—if it were not too late—if she could pierce through this sluggish oppression that clouded his mind, touch it, make him know, make him feel.

Her eyes fell upon the violin, and the memory of his words seemed passing through the still air like a ghostly whisper:

"The mad music! I think if I were dead and heard that played I must come back, I must make some sign."

She could scarcely control her trembling hands as she lifted the small, satiny instrument, upon the power of whose voice she now staked all. It was so long since she had touched it. What if she had forgotten? But there is an inspiration that comes of necessity, and Jean, with bursting heart and watching eyes, played the mad music in the May sunlight as she never could have played it in a happier time.

Her eyes never left Barry's face, intent on the first evidence of memory, while the troubling strains, so wild, so piercingly full of pain, throbbed through the sun-shot air. Mad music, indeed; born of the first sorrow in his boy's heart, it now became the pleading of her own. Would he know? Would he feel?

For a few moments he lay still, blinking at the sun. After a few bars his attention became attracted. She saw he was disturbed, for he sighed heavily and twisted his poor, bruised fingers in a dumb expression of dawning perplexity. Oh, how she played! Now the music was a shower of low notes, each pregnant with minor sadness; to Jean they seemed like drops of blood from a full heart. It was a part that had always deeply touched Barry, and she bent nearer to him while she played.

Was it fancy, or did she see a cloud upon the vacant brightness of his eyes? Was the tortured mind struggling through chaos to the prod of those quickening notes?

The music sank to sobs and rose to an eerie cry, passionate, fierce, high,—strains to rise questioningly to heaven:

"Why must we love if we must lose? Why live through bitter struggle only to die with the plan of life but half completed? Is this all? Is this all?" they seemed to say.

Barry struggled to his elbow and a groan broke from his lips through which the gasping breath came. He took his head between both hands. His posture was that of a soldier recovering from a wound received in a conflict that was ended.

"A little longer, a little longer!" Jean thought, and while she played she spoke his name softly, prayerfully.

"Barry, Barry dear, Barry?"

He looked up sharply. An expression dawned in his eyes that was like the rifting in a heavy sky when the sun's rays in dagger-thrusts drive back the clouds.

He fell at her feet sobbing like a child, clasping her knees tensely.

She knew he was saved, and letting the violin slip from her weak hands, she sank on the ground beside him and kissed his wet eyelids and quivering lips.

"I could not think you dead," she said. "I tried to, but I could not. Darling, in my heart I was always waiting for you. Oh, the mad music, the mad music! Its notes are waves, and your spirit came back to me on its tide."

The Flame of Christmas-tide.

THE Yule-log burns upon the hearth

With lingering flame.

A strange white silence broods upon the earth

Prophetic of the birth

Which gives to faith the glory of a name.

Doubting, yet with a touch of awe,

Awaits the man

Who hath believed but in material law,

Trusting but what he saw

And spanning with a hand the eternal plan.

Some sense of thrilling mystery

Benumbs his brain.

He knows not what the will Divine may be;

He feels, but may not see,

The subtle good he dumbly longs to gain.

A dreamy languor falls upon his thought,

Erewhile so keen.

Visions of beauty that he knoweth not

Crowd on him all unsought,

Like wonders of a realm never seen.

And, shining softly in a roseate sphere,

A woman's form

Of tender grace and beauty doth appear,

Drawing more near—more near—

Until his soul with rapture groweth warm.

And in that glowing presence his pale light,

So cold and thin

That it but serves to mark the bounds of night,

Flames out more strong and bright

As if strange fires had kindled it within.

So clear the vision of the wondrous one

It doth possess

And fill him with the radiance of the sun,

Life looks but just begun,

And all its pulses thrill with power to bless.

No longer with an intellectual eye

Purblind and dim

Does he with pained and strained sense descry

The wherefore and the why

Of things grown strangely luminous to him.

For the great secret of the universe

Breaks stilly when

Love, called of heaven, awakens to disperse

The ancient Adam curse,

And bring God's kingdom to the hearts of men.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.



"YOU CAN'T SMELL 'EM THROUGH THE GLASS, BILLY."
FROM A DRAWING BY ALBERT SCOTT COX.



"Old Pap knelt by the prostrate form of the young preacher."

OLD PAP.

By J. L. HARBOUR.



HE was one of the wickedest and one of the most popular men in the camp. But his was not the wickedness of the hypocrite. It was, as men said, "open and above board."

Old Pap himself called it "honest wickedness." It was not hidden behind any mask of fair seeming, and it deceived no man. He did not look like a bad man.

He had a full, round, beardless face with womanish outlines, and a singularly benevolent expression. It gave some men a shock to know who and what "Old Pap" really was.

He was a noisy man, and nearly always spoke in a bellowing tone, while his laugh was a perfect roar.

His cheerfulness was unailing, and he laughed a great deal. No man had ever seen Old Pap despondent over the decline of a "boom," or because of any misfortune that left him in a "dead-broke" condition.

I once rode fifty miles with Old Pap in a Rocky Mountain stage-coach, and he had something to say to every man, woman, and child we met; and he said it all so joyously, so heartily, and with such a smiling face, that no one took offense.

His hat went off so gracefully to every woman we met, from the rich mine-owner's wife, out gathering mountain columbine, to the poorest and most bedraggled and dishonored creature who is sure to drift into all mining camps.

"Every woman is a lady to me, gentlemen," Old Pap would say, gallantly. "I'm a Kentuckian by birth, you see, and I'd be a disgrace to my native State if I didn't respect the ladies. Old Pap respects the ladies, and he can whip any one who don't."

It was long since Old Pap had seen the blue-grass meadows

of Kentucky. He had been a central figure in every mining-camp boom in Colorado for at least twenty years. He was possessed of the spirit of unrest that characterizes the mining-camp boomer. He craved the frenzied excitement, the disorder, the gayety, the recklessness of a mining-camp boom at its height. When the boom began to wane, when law and order and civilization crept slowly into a camp, Old Pap would move on.

Camp Fancy's boom had been fairly inaugurated when Old Pap came riding into the camp for the first time, yelling out joyous greeting to the friends of other days and of other camps who now made up a part of the restless, moving, excited crowd that went up and down Camp Fancy's one long, wide, irregular and rocky street.

Two days later a gaudy muslin transparency, over the door of a big log-and-slab house next door to the post-office and the hotel, announced that Old Pap was "Ready for biz'ness." It was not a new "biz'ness" to Old Pap. He knew every crook

and turn and phase of it. It was the business that flourishes best in mining camps—the business of gambling and dancing and drinking.

At night a red-lighted transparency indicated the locality of "Old Pap's Place," and all night long the gambling and the drinking and the dancing went on, and in the morning there were new-comers to take the places of those who had gone away at dawn empty in purse or blinded and maudlin and faint with drink.

The walls of Old Pap's place bore strange legends in gaudy gilt frames. Most conspicuous of all was one in a delicate tracery of gold and scarlet. It read:

"All shooting and killing must be done outside."

On the opposite wall, in big black letters, was this kindly admonition to courteous behavior:

"Please don't swear."

And Old Pap's reputation for "queerness" was enhanced by the fact that above his bar, in startling blood-red letters in a white frame, was the warning:

"Wine is a mocker."

Moreover, there was on a little stand in Old Pap's gambling-hall a big open Bible, with well-thumbed and dog-eared pages, and no man went unrebuked who spoke lightly of the sacred volume in Old Pap's presence. Once a half-drunk freighter kicked the little stand over, and the Bible fell to the sawdusted floor. In an instant Old Pap had the offender by the collar and was dragging him to the door to thrust him into the street with frightful threats of what he would do if the "blasphemous villyun" ever showed his face in Old Pap's place again.

Every Sunday, flaming posters announced the programme of the "Grand sacred concert and free dance" to be given at Old Pap's place. Sometimes it was announced that "Old Pap, if not too drunk or if not run in by the police, would kindly consent to sing 'Rock of Ages,'" and men whose moral perceptions were more acute than Old Pap's were amazed at the tenderness and sweetness of his singing; and they would steal quietly away from the place with some old memory freshened, or some forgotten vows to wife or sweetheart, or to God himself, recalled by Old Pap's song.

And when Old Pap heard of this result of his singing, or when he saw men hesitate and set down with trembling hand the full glass on his bar if they chanced to glance up at those warning words, "Wine is a mocker," he would say, most heartily:

"It's all right, old fellow. Old Pap don't deceive any one. I hate a liar worse'n pizen. Let it alone or drink it, just as you please; but them are true words all the same. Old Pap ain't going to lie to you. If there's anything I do respect, gentlemen, it's honest prejudice, and I don't ask no man to come here who's got convictions ag'in the goings-on we have here. Lord bless you! Old Pap don't run no common *dive*, where people are roped in and bamboozled into doing things ag'in their will. And when a feller wants to reform there ain't no man livin' 'll do more'n I will to help that feller along. Lord bless you! I've sent more'n one feller of that sort back to his mother or to his wife." Which was true.

Old Pap's generosity to all the "dead-brokes" in the camp was proverbial; but he had a profound contempt for the "dead-beats." He was recklessly benevolent and generous. A subscription-paper in Old Pap's hands was sure to be a wonderful success. He was so glib of tongue and could be so wily, so insinuating, so adroit in speech, that any cause he espoused was certain of success. His swearing on certain occasions was enough to chill one's blood, and his gentleness of speech at other times made one curious to know something about the ancestry of this unique character.

But when Old Pap said that he was "born and raised" in Kentucky he had said all he had to say about his youth and early manhood. He vouchsafed no information as to whether he had ever been married or whether he had a relative on earth, and he was quick to resent any prying into his affairs.

Wicked as he was, Old Pap was a welcome citizen in every mining camp engaged in promulgating a boom. His very presence gave an air of gayety and activity to a camp, and even good men sometimes admitted that Old Pap had a mysterious, subtle influence over them, and that they positively liked him. There was no affectation of what was not real about Old Pap, and the truth, however ugly and shocking it may be, is more pleasing to many good men than pretense of any sort.

And Old Pap was so public-spirited that he was in some sense a public benefactor.

When some Eastern missionary society, hearing of the decidedly low moral tone of Camp Fancy, sent a pale, slender, gentle-voiced young theological student out to "look over the field," Old Pap received him with open arms and avowed his ability to "lick" any man who should dare to visit contumely upon the young man.

"There's no place on God's created earth where a church is needed worse than it's needed here," Old Pap said, encouragingly. "You just haul off your coat and roll up your sleeves and pitch in on a church, and I'll help you boom the thing along. I tell you I like to see a church in a town. It's a good thing to have. You just put aside some of your little meachin ways, and show a little grit, and be a little sassy-like, and the boys 'll chip in and put you up a meetin'-house you won't need to be ashamed of; yes, they will! And, as I say, I'll help you boom the thing. I'll tell you what I'll do to show you I ain't just giving you *talk*: I'll omit the free dance up at my place Sunday evening and turn the place over to you for a meetin' of your own, and we'll set this thing going in good shape. What? Will the boys come? Well, you leave that to me and see if they don't come."

The "boys" came. The day before the meeting there appeared on the streets of Camp Fancy a curiously-worded circular or hand-bill, addressed to the patrons of such places as Old Pap's, requesting them to assemble at "Poor Old Pap's Place" on the following Sunday evening to consider a matter of vital importance to them and to the camp. They were promised "a dandy time" if they would come, and they came in overwhelming numbers. They filled Old Pap's place to the doors—an eager, curious, good-natured crowd, but a crowd of unmistakably hard characters. The proof of it was in nearly all of their

faces, and the faces of the women were harder than those of the men.

A little platform had been built at one end of the long and brilliantly-lighted gambling-hall. On the platform was Old Pap's Bible on its little stand, and behind the stand were two chairs.

At eight o'clock Old Pap and the Rev. Winthrop Wales, a little paler than usual and manifestly nervous, appeared, and a yell of welcome greeted them. But Old Pap was not pale nor nervous.

He stated briefly and pointedly the object of the meeting. It was a "cussed shame," he said, that a camp of the size and importance of Camp Fancy should be without a church. It was a disgrace and a reproach to the camp—a disgrace that his "respected fellow-citizens," as well as his "pardners in pure devilment," must remove then and there. Then his rollicking manner changed, and he said some strangely sweet and tender things that silenced the laughing crowd, and some of the hard, stolid faces softened a little. There was a curious, impassioned fervor in some of Old Pap's utterances, and absolute silence reigned when he suddenly began to sing "Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?"

When the plaudits following this song had ceased, Old Pap ordered the doors locked so that "no feller could sneak out until after the collection."

Then Old Pap introduced the Rev. Mr. Wales, who stepped forward with every trace of his nervousness gone, an unwonted color in his cheeks and a new vigor in his speech.

He opened the big Bible slowly, as if to read a chapter, and then, closing the book suddenly, stepped forward and said, with startling distinctness and earnestness:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Never had this young apostle preached with such holy fervor. He told of the burdens sin laid upon men, of the unhappiness and unrest of their lives. He told how they walked the world fettered. There was no bitterness in his speech, no fiery warnings, no threatenings of an eternal hell; but in his voice and words there was an infinite sorrow because of the sins of the world. He seemed imbued with power from on high; with the Holy Spirit. And when he closed his brief sermon and began to sing that song of hope and promise, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," Old Pap sang it most vigorously, and here and there a gruff bass or uncertain tenor voice joined in the chorus.

Then came the collection for the new church building. Old Pap made the appeal for it with great cleverness and forcefulness, and when the collectors Old Pap appointed had gone around with their hats there was a steady ringing and clinking of coin and a rustling of paper money.

Old Pap, with his accustomed reckless generosity, threw his wallet and all that was in it into one of the hats, and he burst into a wild yell of triumph when it was announced that the collection exceeded five thousand dollars.

"Hooray for our church!" yelled Old Pap as he shook the young parson's hand with painful vigor. "I told you the boys would come up to the scratch! There ain't nothing small about the boys in this camp. Put her there, Missouri Bill," he screeched, extending his hand to an individual whose whole make-up indicated the typical gambler. "Put her there, Bill. I saw you drop all them shiny yellow boys into the hat. And this ain't all we'll do, parson. I'll write out a 'scription-paper and hang it up by my bar, and ev'ry feller that comes in here for the next month has to sign it or take a lickin'. Go right ahead, parson, and we'll stand right by you. You do the praying and we'll do the giving."

And so the church was built. It was a neat little house, painted white, standing on a bit of table-land jutting out from the mountain slope above the town. It seemed to hang there like a beacon-light—a promise of refuge and safety to sin-burdened men in the town below.

Sometimes one or more of them drifted toward it, but this did not occur very often, and as the men he sought to save would not come to him, Mr. Wales went to them, and at least once a week he preached to the men in Old Pap's place, and always with Old Pap's full and free consent.

As the camp grew and prospered other preachers and missionaries came to the place and other churches were built, but Old Pap, although he contributed to the building fund of all of them, seemed to recognize but one of them as belonging to Camp Fancy—that one was the little white church up on the mountain side that he and the "other boys" had helped to build. He had never been under its roof, but he spoke of it always as "our church," and there was a strange bond of friendship between him and the young pastor, although they walked in such widely diverging paths.

The zealous young minister's parish was large, for he held himself in readiness to respond to every call that came to him from needy and dying men and women in the distant gulches and on the far-away mountain slopes. He would endure any hardship of mountain traveling to respond to the call of the suffering and the dying; and he did not think of saying no, nor of waiting for clearing skies, when a miner came to the preacher's little study one day with a request that he visit a dying man five miles from Camp Fancy.

"He can't live longer 'n till night, the doctor says, and mebbe not so long," said the messenger; "and he wouldn't give me no peace till I'd promise to come and fetch you. He's heard you preach three or four times, and he's taken a great shine to you. It's askin' a good deal of you to go away up there on Red Mountain a cold day like this, but—"

"I'll go at once," replied Mr. Wales. "I am here to respond to all such calls. I'll be ready in fifteen minutes."

They set out at the end of that time. It was a raw, cloudy day in December, and the nearest mountain summits were hidden by a veil of falling snow.

A stage-coach just starting for the next town carried them four miles, so they were by the dying man's bunk in his dreary and untidy little log-cabin in a little more than an hour. He died in the next hour with the young preacher's prayer for the safety of his soul sounding hopefully in his ears.

Then the preacher started on his homeward way, despite

the protests of the three or four miners in the dead man's cabin.

"It'll be dark before you can get half-way to Camp Fancy," protested one of the men, "and it's growing stormier and colder all of the time. There's the promise of a big storm in them black clouds hanging down there in the gulch."

"But I *must* go," said Mr. Wales. "It is Saturday, and tomorrow is my busiest day. I have a great deal to do yet to prepare for it, and I must go. I am quite strong, and I do not mind the cold. You may expect me again on Monday in time for the funeral of your friend."

Young as he was, and strong as he fancied himself to be, he felt the warm blood of his youth chilling in his veins and his fancied strength fast leaving him before he had gone a mile in the face of the wildest storm he had ever known since his arrival in Camp Fancy.

There had suddenly been a great roaring sound in the dark gulch below him, and a strong, icy wind from its gloomy depths seemed to come springing and shrieking up to engage in fierce combat with the wind that came sweeping and roaring down from the snow-covered mountain summits. The stunted pines bent low in the wild blast. The storm-clouds swept to and fro. The night came swiftly, and with it a fine, sleety snow and piercing cold.

The young minister, dazed and chilled, was struggling along up a rough trail over the rocks when he came suddenly upon a man partly sheltered from the fury of the storm behind a huge boulder.

"Hello, stranger!" called out the cheery voice of Old Pap himself. "This is mighty tough, isn't it? Where you—why, thunder and Mars! this ain't *you*, is it, Wales?"

"It is," replied Mr. Wales with chattering teeth, as he came staggering around the boulder, where he would have fallen prostrate had not Old Pap caught him in his arms.

"Great heavens, man! what you doing up here in such a storm as this?"

"I might ask the same of you," replied the preacher, trying to smile.

"Oh, I? I'm always turning up where I'm least expected. I've been over here in Paradise Gulch, looking at a claim I'm grub-staking a couple of fellers on. Thought I'd go over and see if they was cheating me out of anything they might be finding. But, Lord a'mighty! I wouldn't of come fer forty such cussed claims if I'd known that the clerk of the weather was going to get up such a show as this up here."

Old Pap had to scream now to make himself heard, but Mr. Wales had not strength enough left to speak much above a whisper, and Old Pap bent his head to the young man's blue lips to hear him say:

"I don't believe that I have strength to go further."

"Oh, yes, you have—yes, you have," yelled Old Pap, firmly. "Good Lord, man! you've *got* to go further. Come, now, brace up! I'll help you along. There's a cabin about a mile and a half from here where four prospectors I know are staying. We've *got* to get down to that cabin. There's no two ways about that. Come on, my boy."

He put one arm around the preacher and they started on together, the wickedest and the best man in the camp, with their arms around each other.

"Brace up, boy; brace up!" Old Pap kept saying as he felt that the young man's footsteps were flagging; but his physical powers were gone, and no amount of will power could give him strength to combat that fierce wind and driving snow and piercing cold. They came to a slightly-sheltered curve in the trail, and the young man sank helpless to the ground, heedless of Old Pap's cries of:

"Come on; come on, boy! You'll *die* here, and you're too young, and too—too *good* to die. You're needed here below."

The preacher looked up into Old Pap's face and whispered, with trembling lips:

"I am young to die. I had hoped to spend many years in the service of God, but I am ready to die if it is His will. I must leave it all to Him now. I have no more strength of my own. Go on without me. Good-bye."

Old Pap's tone changed to one of earnest and almost tearful entreaty as he knelt by the prostrate form of the young preacher.

"Won't you make another effort to go on?" he said. "Take a drink of this," and he held a bottle of brandy to the preacher's lips. He drank of it, but shook his head and said good-bye again. "I'm not going to say any 'good-bye,'" cried Old Pap. "I'm going to get you down to Jack Tate's cabin, and you'll be preaching away like one of the Disciples in our little church to-morrow. Yes, you will! See if you don't. Come on, now."

The preacher shook his head with his eyes closed.

"I cannot," he whispered. "My strength has utterly deserted me."

Old Pap stood up and began drawing off the great fur overcoat he wore. The preacher put out his hand in protest, but Old Pap paid no heed to it.

"I'm going to put it on you. Oh, yes, I am, my boy. Yes, I am. You can't help yourself. I'll just wrap you right up in it—so! Warmer already, ain't you? I'll button it right up—so! And I'll pull the collar up clean over your ears—like that. Now I'll tie my big muffler over your head, and—"

"Don't—please don't."

"Scuse me, but I've *got* to. There, now; pretty comfortable, ain't you? Now I'll just rip off a lot of these pine branches and make a little wind-break round you, and then I'm off to Jack Tate's cabin and we'll all be up here after you 'fore an hour. I'll just tuck the brandy-bottle into the coat, and you take a swig of it pretty often while I'm gone and keep your courage up."

He tore off pine branches with a fierceness that made his hands bleed. He piled the boughs high around the preacher and then started on up the trail, swinging his arms for warmth and trying to run.

But the loss of his great overcoat and muffler had chilled him at once, and his own teeth were chattering and his own blood was chilling ere he had gone half the distance to the Tate cabin.

The wind seemed to increase in fury. The sleety snow cut his unprotected face, a mocking blast took his hat from his head and carried it far down into the dark gulch, and Old Pap bowed

his bare head to the storm. The sleet froze on his gray hair, the icy wind that the great fur coat had defied struck a chill to his body; his blood coursed slower and slower through his veins. His footsteps flagged, and presently he stood still with trembling lips and chattering teeth. When he went on again it was as a man groping in the dark. He held his hands out before him and muttered something to himself. It may have been a prayer. He did not see a great rock lying across the trail, and he did not get up again when he stumbled and fell over it.

Half an hour later the three robust miners whom the preacher had left in the dead man's cabin were bending over the still prostrate form of the preacher himself. The fury of the storm was spent; the wind did not moan up and down the long black cañons now; the stars were coming out.



M'SIEU'S prevailing idea was his atonement. Madame's prevailing idea was the making a good match for P'tite, and here M'sieu must come in and try to spoil it. Had it not been for the nearness of the holiday season and his money, madame would have required the apartment of M'sieu. Her long ear-rings jingled, her spare form vibrated, so indignant was she even when she faced the clientele of her restaurant, where you might order a superlative *potage*, a chop, an *omlette aux fines herbes*, or *au sucre*, with a small glass of something; and all for fifty cents.

"To spoil a young girl's future!" madame said. "And he should give her a dot for her marriage with another. But what would you have?" And she spread out her hands, with many rings on the long fingers, putting on one side a piquant head with which she had expected at one time to turn the other heads of *foul Paris*, where she sang her chansons.

But that was long ago, and before she saddled herself with a pig who brought her to New York and forthwith set about Americanizing himself in the most flagrant manner, while she stayed at home and supported him.

"What would you have?" inimitably said madame. "I rent my apartment these several years to a small old man who remembers the melodies I used to create; who has heard of 'La Pauvrette' as she used to be. That he plays in the orchestra of the theatre, which I adore, and for which he presents me with occasional passes, is *n'importe*. Ah, M'sieu, *vous me traitez avec une rigueur excessive!* You have taken to the use of brillantine upon your old mustache, and you smile upon P'tite. Bah! one knows the gradation of smiles when one has been a *chanteuse*. This is the smile of proprietorship—the pig smiled thus, and that and his argot were irresistible to me when I was young and responsive."

The mercy was that P'tite apparently understood it not. For P'tite should have nothing to say to that old man, when all round one were the future greatnesses of this strange, inartistic country—the young men who took their luncheons at the little restaurant. His money! *Helas!* it was always money that decides a woman. And M'sieu had surely saved, for was not his apartment inexpensive and at the top of the house, and did he not eat little and of the plainest, and—*Sacré!*

For here the low, sweet voice of M'sieu's cello sobbed down to her, its burden a chanson she used to sing, and to hear which now took her away over to the one city of the universe, and the glory of the boulevards in lilac time.

All the same, she would make no more *tisane* for him when the draughts of the theatre settled upon his chest.

The idea of his spoiling the chances of P'tite! Had she taken P'tite in for this? For she had taken her in. Was not the child wandering aimlessly from the ship, a stranger in a strange land, when madame came upon her?

"*Ciel!*" ejaculated madame, regarding the small, timid girl with the blue eyes like heaven, "she resembles me in the days of my triumphs."

The pig afterward laughed fit to kill himself when he heard of this resemblance; but madame had pounced upon the homeless little one, bore her to the restaurant, installed her in the coziest apartment then vacant, and got her the embroidery she said she could do.

It became at once an energy with madame, an *idée fixe*, that P'tite should not make the mistake she had made in renouncing fame for a pig, and descend to nothing at all. P'tite should marry well. Was there not Jules, whom the pig had brought there? Jules, *un homme lettré*, corresponded with two Paris journals, and wrote those charming articles against President Carnot and the ever-unsettled Chamber of Deputies. Jules admired P'tite, and here steps in M'sieu, old, ugly, helpless, with his money, his polished old mustache, and his smile of proprietorship.

And there he was playing his cello in order to propitiate her. Madame slammed the door shut. The pig, on his way to perambulating Broadway, laughed, and said, pleasantly: "You're not in it, Nat."

"Natalie," corrected madame, as she corrected him a dozen times a day. And there was P'tite hearing the music, and the children.

For M'sieu liked the children. The mothers of the children were not indifferent to this fact, and fostered it. M'sieu had saved money, was old and alone in the world, so what was to hinder him from bequeathing his money to the little ones? When he went to rehearsal he had to clear a passage on the stairs, the children crowded so to greet him and the sweetmeats

The three miners, feeling certain as the storm increased in fury that the young minister would never be able to reach the summit of the mountain, had organized themselves into a rescuing party to go to his aid. It was midnight when he opened his eyes in the comfortable bunk in the cabin of one of the men and found all of them around him.

"Old Pap," said the preacher, feebly, "where is he?"

"Old Pap?"

"He got here, didn't he?" asked the preacher, and then he added, dreamily, before closing his eyes, "Poor Old Pap! He must have suffered so without his coat and muffler. He's a hero—a hero! Is he safe?"

Aye; safe beyond the reach of this world's storms and sins, for out there on the stony trail he lies with the snow drifting softly over his dead face, upturned to the star-lit skies.

he had for them. Again, when a child in the house was missed its mother would trudge up the many stairs to the topmost room, sure to find the little one there. So his love for the children made the mothers hope he would bestow upon them his savings; besides, was not Christmas at hand? It had even occasioned more than one difference in the house, Mrs. Mulligan informing Mrs. O'Neil that she was no lady because M'sieu had patted Terrence O'Neil upon the head and passed by Honora Mulligan.

Why did he save? And would he leave his money to the children? Not to the children, but to one child. Madame was sure he would leave it to P'tite—after he had married her.

Madame was as far from the truth as were the mothers of the house.

It was like this: M'sieu had once thought he would compose a grand opera. For years he had dreamed of it. In these years he had earned but little money, his wife toiling hard to support herself and her daughter. At last, though, the opera was finished, and was sent to a manager—only to be returned. The wife could stand no more, she had stood so much already. She and her daughter went away, and the mortified composer crept into hiding under a name not his own.

His disappointment gave him one sharp pain in the head and a strange puzzlement. He knew that his daughter married; that a little child came to her. How he knew it he could not have told—he either dreamed it or some one repeated it to him, it did not matter which.

Like a flash, one wakeful night, it came to him that he might atone for all his failure—he might work and save for his daughter's child. But not in Paris, where people knew him and his shame. He would go to America, where every one grew rich. He packed up his opera and came to New York. But money was not lying in the road-way. Yet a larger salary was offered him to play in an orchestra than Paris had ever offered him. This was years ago. In those years he had worked and hoarded. Then, some years back, he went to madame's restaurant for a glass of something after the theatre, where the pig had met him. Madame, in her piquant way, engaged him in conversation and indulged in reminiscences. Off came the baize covering of the cello, and madame heard her old songs till the tears ran down her sallow cheeks. She ran to him and embraced him, and offered him her house. He engaged the top apartment.

But that was years before P'tite came. He played for madame as he played at the theatre, because it was expected of him, but all the time, all these years, his atonement had been uppermost in his mind, and he hoarded for the grandchild he would some day hunt up and prove to her, just one soul in the world, that he was not entirely bad and selfish, and that he had meant for the best. Thus all children were dear to him for her sake; he experimented with children as to the best way for an old man to be beloved by them, and all because of his daughter's child.

Now one night as he returned from the theatre and was going up to his room, despite the invitation of madame to have a glass of wine with M. Jules, who had written to one of his journals that "La Pauvrette," who had formerly entranced Paris, was living in retirement in New York among the *haut ton*, he heard a sweet young voice singing a simple little tune he thought he recognized.

He stopped on the stairs. The song spread through the quiet air—the old provincial song his mother had sung to him, the song he had sung to his wife in their early, happy days, the song his wife had in turn sung to their small daughter. Was he dreaming, or what was this strangeness? Then the door opposite to where he was standing opened, and there was a frail, blue-eyed girl.

It was P'tite, who had been two days in the house.

But M'sieu had lost himself; he was back in that long-ago time when his young wife stooped over the pretty *berceau*, singing he old song to her babe, while he worked at his opera in the window.

Then he gave a terrible look at P'tite, and hurried on up to his garret. There he sat heavily down. All at once he gave a sharp cry and slid down to the floor.

Now P'tite had seen that the song interested him. She pitied him, he looked so old, so worn, and madame had told her about him and the quarrels of the mothers of the house over his money. So the following night when she heard him toiling up the stairs she sang the song again. Night after night she did this. She told madame. Madame was not displeased—why should he not leave the money to P'tite?

Then one day M'sieu met P'tite as he went down the stairs, Honora Mulligan in his arms.

"Are you quite alone, mademoiselle—quite without relations?" he asked her, with singular interest.

"Quite alone," returned P'tite. "My parents died long ago. I had a kind grandmother, but she died also, so I came to America. And this is my birthday, M'sieu."

He put Honora Mulligan down, and leaned over and kissed P'tite on the brow.

"As I would have kissed my grandchild," he said, softly. "My own birthday is not until Christmas Day."

Then he hurried away, neglecting to give the children their sweetmeats.

The next day he brought out his old opera and sat down and looked at its yellow pages. Here were the hopes and aspirations of a life-time; for this he had sacrificed more than life. Here were all his dreams, all his knowledge,—and what had it brought him?

Just then P'tite, making a wondrous embroidery down in her room, lifted up her voice and sang the old song which was such company to her and spoke of home.

Lower and lower drooped M'sieu's head; lower and lower, till it rested upon the time-worn score of the opera, and a round, white clearness fell among the round black marks there, like another note of music—a music of all grief, of all loneliness, of all want.

After that M'sieu became braver in his attire. The pig noticed it first: "Get onto Three-score-years-and-ten, Nat," he laughed.

And madame grew severe, and let M'sieu see that such was the case, and invited Jules and P'tite so often to *déjeuner* that the pig almost had a fit from merriment.

M'sieu tried to propitiate her by playing her old songs, but madame would slam her door, her charmingly white teeth vindictive.

Yet madame hesitated to approach P'tite upon the subject. She might only precipitate matters thus, as she remembered it had been opposition that had caused her to take up with the pig—young girls are so prone to do their best to work their worst. She feared to speak to Jules, for Jules might walk himself off—young men are so independent in this country. She scorned to speak to M'sieu, especially as his money was still his own, and a way might be contrived for making him see that he was a goose.

So the song went on, and M'sieu polished his mustache and had that smile which angered madame more than anything else.

But one night, when madame had been for a month in despair, M'sieu came home, and the song was silent.

Startled, he hurried up the stairs. In the doorway of P'tite's room stood P'tite and Jules, together with madame, and madame's teeth shone ecstatically.

P'tite, seeing M'sieu, began the song, and he passed on up to his room. There, upon the table, was his opera. For days he had been working at it, weaving and interweaving through it the old provincial song, here, there, everywhere little wisps of the melody glimpsing out, like the memory of a thought that lingers hazily in the mind.

Now he understood how far P'tite was from him—how madame had misunderstood him. If P'tite knew the truth what would she do? He was sure of no one, no one; ever since that day when his opera was rejected and his wife told him he was nothing to her henceforth, he had been sure of no one. If the truth were known! "P'tite! P'tite!" he said, putting out his hands as though he pleaded with her. "P'tite! P'tite!"—but no one heard him but himself. And, ah, his atonement!

Next day his room was locked, and Terrence O'Neil and Honora Mulligan pounded upon the door in vain. Madame put her head to one side in her formerly irresistible manner, with that wink of hers which had been considered so wicked.

"Oh, come off, Nat!" laughed the pig.

Nobody saw M'sieu go to the theatre that night. But he did go, else how could he come home again?

P'tite heard him on the stairs and called a cheery word out to him. M'sieu put his hand to his head as though the pain had come again, and hurried to his room and closed the door.

After that he played no more of madame's melodies, and madame scented fresh danger.

"At Christmas-time there is much sentiment," she said. "Jules and P'tite must be affianced by Christmas Day, M'sieu's money or not."

Thus for three weeks M'sieu would see Jules and P'tite in madame's parlor as he went to rehearsals, and P'tite was blooming.

"But what would you have, M'sieu?" asked madame. "They are so young."

"Yes," said M'sieu, "that is it. And I am so old."

"As you say," retorted madame.

Nor for three weeks did the old song assail M'sieu. At the end of those weeks, two days before Christmas, P'tite spoke to him as he returned from rehearsal for the holiday attraction.

"Two days," said she, "and it will be Christmas and M'sieu's birthday. Mesdames Omel and Malagan say Omora and Teranze shall not forget M'sieu that day. Also, madame has made a beautiful white cake—what you call the white hill—the white mountain. And I—I was telling Jules you kissed me on my birthday—"

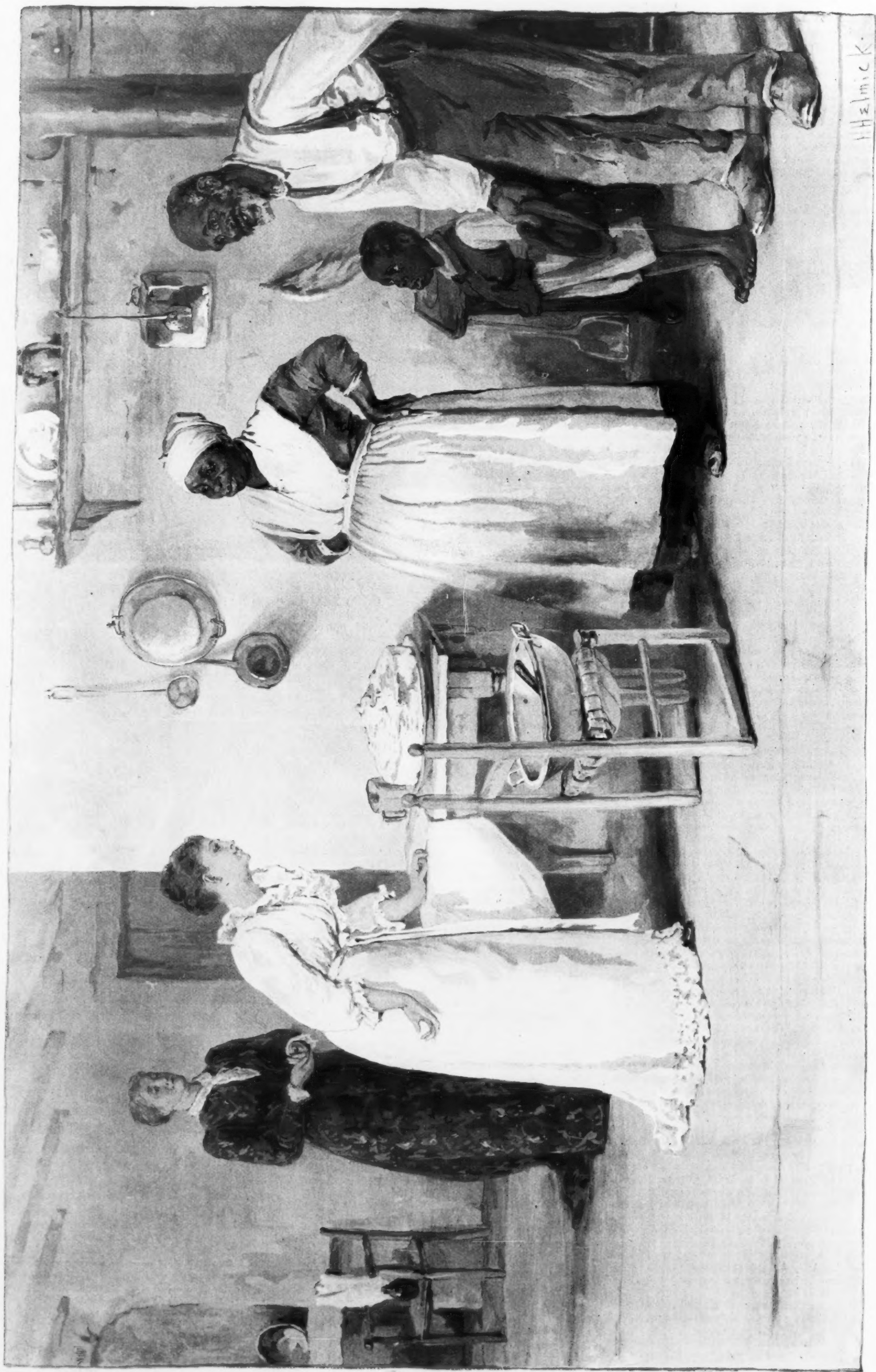
"Ah!" burningly interrupted old M'sieu, "I kissed you as I would have kissed my granddaughter—as though I were your grandfather—your grandfather."

"My grandfather?" and she frowned. "My grandfather was a useless, foolish creature, not right in his mind, with the insane idea that he could compose a grand opera. My mother and my grandmother have told me of him. They say I resemble my mother and my grandmother. But my grandfather—ah, I despise him and the memory of him, he was so cruel, so selfish." M'sieu nodded, and feebly smiled.

"How old he looks," thought P'tite, "and lonely. How I pity him!"

"Might not your grandfather have hoped to do well?" he asked. "Many of us do that."

"Had it not been for my grandmother my mother might have starved," passionately replied P'tite. "I loved my grandmother, and she is no more!"—and the tears stood in her eyes.



CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH—OLD MAMMY'S CHRISTMAS CAKE.—FROM A DRAWING BY HOWARD HELMICK.



MAKING CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—FROM A PAINTING BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.

"That is right," said M'sieu; "love those who love you—love those who love you," and so he left her.

On the morrow, when he came home from rehearsal, P'tite was down in madame's little parlor with Jules. She ran brightly out to him, a parcel in her hand held to him.

With trembling fingers he opened it: it was a little embroidered wreath of forget-me-nots, blue as P'tite's eyes, made upon virgin satin, together forming a sachet of much sweetness.

"She is so fond of M'sieu," smiled madame; "quite as though M'sieu were her grandfather. *Voilà!*"

"It is your Christmas gift," said P'tite; "it is my last work of the kind. To-morrow, Christmas Day, I make Jules a gift—I take him for my husband, caring for no one else."

"Caring for no one else," repeated M'sieu, "caring for no one else." Surely "caring for no one else," especially for the cruel grandfather—

"Do not mention him!" P'tite cried out. "Why should you speak of him when I am so happy?"

"I did wrong certainly," said M'sieu. "Only, it being Christmas-time, when all the world is gentle and much wrong forgiven, I thought perhaps mademoiselle's mind might turn a little to that old man who may have hoped to do his best and failed, as so many of us do."

"Christmas-time!" she cried. "We will think of nothing unpleasant. Rather, we will congratulate M'sieu, Christmas Day being the anniversary of his birth, and trust that many times shall we have the pleasure of wishing him joy on that day."

"Not that!" M'sieu said, quietly. "Not my birthday. Rather, Christmas Day is mademoiselle's marriage-day—we will think only of that, and—"

He fumbled at his pocket and drew out a paper, which he handed to her.

"The savings of many years," he said. "It is your Christmas gift—your marriage gift."

"Her dot!" cried madame, clapping her hands together. "It is just as I would have it! How ravishing! M'sieu is transcendent; he is inspired!"

Jules spoke; P'tite's eyes were brimming with gratitude, but M'sieu seemed to hear and see nothing.

"Her marriage gift, her marriage gift," he kept mumbling to himself; "the savings of many years. Atonement—atonement!"

With the embroidered forget-me-nots in his hand, M'sieu ascended the stairs. P'tite broke out into the old song—the song his mother had sung to him, the song he had sung to his wife, the song his wife had sung to their child as he worked at his opera in the window.

It clung to him, it clung to his heart; he wanted to cry out, to rush down and clasp P'tite to his heart, to fall down upon his knees before her and tell her he had never meant any harm, that he had loved his wife and his daughter, that he loved his grandchild for whom he had been saving all these years. But no; she had said she despised him, she despised the very thought of him. There was nothing to be done. So he went on up the stairs followed by the song.

In his room his eyes chanced upon the score of his opera. He flew at it, tore at it, stamped upon it, got down upon the floor and bit at it, crushing it to pieces, rolling on it with feeble fury, and ending by thrusting the fragments into the stove, watching them blaze there and sink into a little pile of blinking ashes.

Spent, exhausted, he could yet hear P'tite's song, faintly, far away, as though his mother sang it, he a little child, just as he sunk to sleep in her arms, her voice going out with him into the limitless land of dreams. The sounds anticipatory of to-morrow's joy came in to him, the blaring of trumpets in the street, the rattle of laden wagons, the hurried going in and out of people in the house, the stifled shrieks of children who could not contain the happiness they had—oh, it was all gladness, all joy, for the time when all the world is gentle and much wrong forgiven in memory of One who did no wrong and who forgave much!

"My atonement!" M'sieu murmured. "There is no such thing in the world!"

In vain Honora Mulligan and Terrence O'Neil brought their little gifts to him; he did not respond to their knocking.

In vain P'tite waited to see him come home from the theatre.

"I should like," she said, "to tell him that for his sake I even feel a little kinder toward my grandfather."

But he did not return from the theatre.

"His liberality has struck in," laughed the pig.

"Come, then, with me, P'tite," said madame; "thou also, Jules. We will take his white cake to him."

So they went up the stairs and pounded on the door.

"Strange," said madame, "for he must be in."

Jules turned the knob and the door opened. It was all dark within, except for a sharp needle of whiteness thrown in by the electric in the street. Jules struck a match. Then madame cried out.

For there upon the bed lay M'sieu, very quiet, very pale, the embroidered forget-me-nots pressed by his thin old fingers up over his heart. His eyes were closed.

P'tite shrank back and clung to Jules. The match went out.

Just then somewhere a clock struck twelve—it was Christmas Day. Then the church-bells took it up and jangled joy upon the frosty darkness.

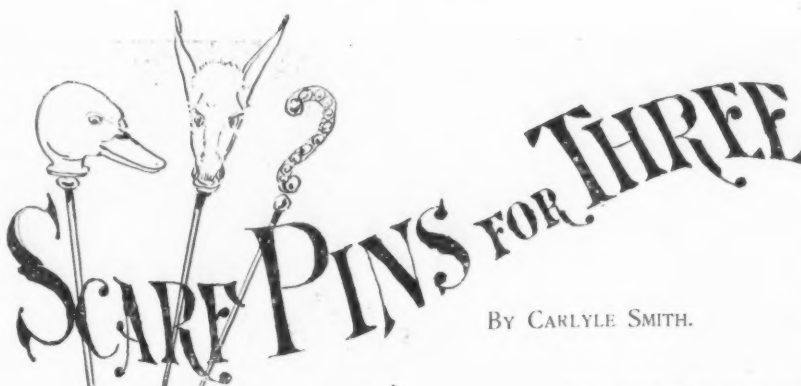
"It is Christmas Day," sobbed P'tite; "it is his birthday. He was alone in the world; he gave me all he had. He kissed me on my birthday, I will kiss him on his—as his grandchild might do."

She had groped her way to the bed, and leaned her blooming face beside the old one there, when M'sieu's arm crept around her neck, and she cried out, "Not dead!"

"Not dead, not dead, my daughter's child," faintly said M'sieu; "my grandchild, not dead. Let me tell you all, and do not cast me forth who hoped so much, who failed so sadly. My opera—I have just burned it; my loneliness, my grief. Listen, listen to those church-bells! They tell a greater story than mine; a story of suffering and pain, of blessing and joy. In that greater story hear my little one,"—P'tite, bewildered though she was, understood all now,—in that greater story hear my little one, and how I tried to atone, and so forgive and—"

"And love," said P'tite, crying her tears upon his withered face and getting his gray head up over her heart—"and love."

And thus was M'sieu's atonement completed.



BY CARLYLE SMITH.

I.

IT was Christmas Eve in name only. By nature it was far from being so.

The howling of the winds, the drenching rains, alternating with cutting flurries of sleet, suggested anything but the season of peace on earth and good will to men. These found me sitting, a prey to gloomy reflections, in my lodgings, smoking and cursing the hard fate which had kept me in town over the Christmas holiday, while all my friends were off in the country enjoying the hospitality of that prince of entertainers, Dawson,—a hospitality which business complications had compelled me to decline. I was particularly unhappy over my enforced absence from the gayeties of the Dawson house-party at Belmore, for the very good reason that I had laid my plans to put a long-deferred and exceedingly important question to Dawson's sister Helen during my contemplated stay there; and my unhappiness was further aggravated by the fact that I had reason to believe that my friend and rival, Gerald Parsons, who, more fortunate than I in having no business complications to interfere, contemplated doing precisely the same thing.

It was a singular fact, which perhaps showed how superior we were to all other men, that Parsons and I had through many years been true to our first love. We had known and fought over Helen Dawson for well-nigh twenty years, and it was galling to my soul to think that after twenty years of such devotion it was I who, by force of circumstances over which I had no control, was likely to suffer the woes of the disappointed.

We had met Helen and each other at one and the same time at a little wayside inn in the Adirondack regions—The Bear and Fox, it was called if I remember rightly—in the years, now long past, when bonifaces were still willing to keep inns, and before their aspiring natures led them to erect caravansaries easy of access and hard to live in; before the sweet charms of that balsam-scented country were obliterated by the advance of a so-called civilization which substituted brass bands for quiet, full dress for the comfortable *négligé* of mountain life, and Chicago beef and New York bluefish for venison and brook trout, fresh caught and cooked by a backwoods Savarin.

In this paradise, an Eden without its serpent or forbidden fruit, we three had met—Gerald, Helen and I. Gerald was seven, I six, and Helen five, and straightway, as boys ever will, did Gerald and I fall madly in love; straightway did we confide our passions, not to the fair object thereof, but to each other, and with the inevitable result. Gerald returned to the inn after this interchange of confidences with one of his front teeth conspicuously absent; I sought the seclusion of my room with a sullen red scratch ornamenting my cheek. Meanwhile, the five-year-old maiden was lavishing her fondest affections upon the chore-boy of the inn, being somewhat too youthful to draw those nice social distinctions in which art in later life she became an adept. It was to the chore-boy's preference that Parsons and I owe our life-long friendship, since in a common misery over the coyness of our adoration toward us, and in the sharing of a consequent hatred for the chore-boy who monopolized those little attentions which we so longed to call our own, we laid the foundations of a mutual regard which has lasted until now and which bids fair to last through all our days.

As we grew older neither of us saw any reason why we should alter our attitude toward Helen. Other maidens came into our life and passed over the horizon; Helen still remained the object of our affections, and, much to our relief, discarded before many days the hated chore-boy, who has by this time I doubt not, become a finished and accomplished baggage-smasher in the hotel which rears its ugly proportions where the Bear and Fox once stood; and now, when Gerald and I had more than reached man's estate, we were each of us still firm in our determination that, provided she were willing, Helen Dawson should become the wife of one of us. Between Gerald and me there was no difference save on this one point, and it was a difference which served to bind us, I think, more firmly together. Each pitied the other because each believed the other doomed to disappointment, and as love and pity were but a step apart, it was not long before each took the step.

It was not until this Christmas Eve, of which I have spoken, that I had experienced any disquieting reflections upon the subject. It had never occurred to me that there was any room for doubt that Helen's feeling toward Gerald was that of admiration, while I was convinced that she looked upon me with that same admiration plus something more ardently to be desired. But as I sat in my rooms that night, listening to the howling of the wind, which seemed to be giving a sort of Christmas entertainment to its friends, whistling soft and weird tunes through the keyholes; roaring like a caged tiger up and down the highways; sobbing in the chimneys in tones suggesting the cry of a child who has had too little or too much candy, and ever and anon stopping as if to listen to the applause of the rattling windows, I began to think over the comparative merits of Parsons and myself. I tried to put myself in Helen Dawson's place, and then my troubles swept over me like a cataract of ice-cold

water. I succeeded too well for my own comfort, for I seemed to see myself, as Miss Dawson, thinking of myself as I am in this fashion:

"Yes, Jack is a good fellow—but then amiability is not all. He is kind and considerate—yet Gerald is quite as much so and by no means so quick-tempered or set in his ways as Jack. Gerald is slow to anger and forgiving, while Jack—dear me, how Jack does cherish a grudge! And then, too, Jack has other very grave faults, such as—"

And here, still as Miss Dawson, I rehearsed to myself all

those quiet little vices which I have so fondly nursed, and which I find it so hard to wean, of which, unhappily too in my imaginative frame of mind that night, I appeared to fancy Miss Dawson entirely cognizant, though as a matter of fact, they were and still are securely locked in the most secret chamber of my own consciousness, not even being confided to the reader of this story, as he or she may possibly have observed.

The more I indulged in these reflections the more gloomy did I become, until finally so blue did my prospects appear and so rosy those of Gerald that, sitting in the shadow of my disappointment, I found myself impelled to write two notes of congratulation to Gerald and to Helen, so as to have them ready when the dreaded news should fall upon my broken spirit. I still believe that another hour would have found me engaged in this wise, had not a rousing rap upon my door brought me to my senses.

"Come in!" I cried.

The door opened and, much to my surprise, in walked no less a person than Gerald Parsons himself.

II.

I GAZED in astonishment at my visitor for a moment, and then rose to welcome him.

"Why, Gerald," I said, "what does this mean? I thought you had gone to Belmore."

"I'm on my way there now," he replied gayly. "I have a cab below stairs. It is too beastly wet to bring it up with me, so I told the Jehu to wait outside. I've stopped in here to get you and insist upon your coming with me. Dawson told me some cock-and-bull story about your being too busy to get off. He doesn't know you as well as I do. The idea of a writer ever being busy. Why, it's almost funny, Jack, really!"

"It is strange," I replied. "Writing is such easy work. Nothing but dipping a pen in ink and then wiggling it over a sheet of paper—but tell me, how is it that you are not already at Belmore?"

"That's simple enough," said Gerald. "A man can't be in two places at once. I am here, therefore I am not at Belmore, and my astral body is off on a vacation."

"Nonsense!" said I. "I thought you were going up with the others at three o'clock?"

"So I was," was Gerald's response; "but I was detained by a little slip of—ah—well, I'll be frank with you, Jack. You are the only man with whom I am always sincere, because I think you understand me. Fact is, I've been detained by a little slip of Tiffany's. You know Tiffany—deals in \$10,000 diamonds and \$40,000 pearls, and so on. I'm a regular customer of his, but on this occasion he has disappointed me."

"Wanted you to pay in advance for having your watch repaired?" I suggested.

"No; that would be a disappointment," said Gerald, "but it's something else this time. This is a busy season with Tiffany, and sometimes things don't get done on time. This"—tossing a small package into my lap—"this wasn't ready for me to take up with me on the three-o'clock train, and as it bears an important relation to something I expect to have happen at Belmore, I concluded to wait for it. It was ready at six o'clock, and I'm going to take it up on the ten-five, and I want you to go with me."

With a sinking sensation about my heart I opened the parcel, and as the paper wrapper fell away it disclosed to my view a dainty blue-plush box.

"Hullo!" I said, as I lifted the cover of the box and caught sight of its contents. "A solitaire ring, eh?"

"Yes," said Gerald. "You have a wonderful eye. I was afraid you might think it was a bicycle. Don't you think it's pretty?"

"Very," I replied, holding it up to the light. "Very pretty. Who is it for, Gerald?"

Parsons reddened. "I guess you know," he answered. "If you don't you won't be long in finding out when I tell you that I am going to Belmore, not so much to enjoy Dawson's hospitality as to—ah—well, to do something else. That's an engagement ring."

"Oh!" I ejaculated. "Then—then you are engaged?"

"No," he replied. "Not yet—but I expect to be before I return."

My throat began to fill up and my mouth got dry. I did not like the calm assumption on Gerald's part that it was all settled, and that it needed only his question to make the engagement a definite one. It is true that my reasoning of the past hour had led me into entertaining a similar belief, but Parsons's calm acceptance of my unwilling theories as absolute fact galled me not a little.

"You appear to be very confident of success, Gerald," I said, as soon as I could speak without making an exhibition of my feelings.

"Well, Jack," he returned, "I did feel confident when I ordered that ring, and I still feel a certain measure of confidence that all will come out as I want it; but since four o'clock this afternoon, I must confess the reserve fund of my assurance has been appreciably reduced. Having nothing to do during the afternoon hours, I went to my rooms and tried to get a nap—and I got one, but it wasn't the kind I like. I'm partial to what they call dreamless sleep. What I got was anything but

that. I had a dream that set my confidence to oozing, and I'm hanged if it hasn't pretty much all gone."

I laughed. "How nervous you must be. Are you upset by dreams as easily as all that?" I said.

"Not always," he answered. "Indeed, I've never been affected by them this way before. But somehow or other this dream seemed so real, and it suggested an idea to me that, while I know that you have entertained it, never seemed to me to be worthy of serious consideration until now."

"You speak in riddles," said I, lighting a cigar. I had to do something to steady my nerves. "Do you want me to guess what the idea was for a prize, or what?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Parsons. "I'll tell you what the idea was, only I don't want you to feel hurt. I know that you are quite as much in love with Helen Dawson as I am."

"If not more so," I ventured.

"We needn't discuss that," rejoined Parsons. "To measure our respective loves for a woman with the intention of discovering which is the greater would amount chiefly to our telling each other what sacrifices we would make for her, which would entail a needless amount of lying and engender a spirit of rivalry between you and me which would be out of place on Christmas Eve. Besides, you have a stronger imagination than I, and my exaggeration would be puny alongside of yours. I'm willing to admit that you are as deeply in love with Helen as I am. Say for the argument's sake that there we stand on an equality. Now which of us does *she* like the better? That is the important point. I have always felt certain that with me out of the way you would have clear sailing, but unfortunately for you I'm not out of the way, and I don't intend to get out of the way, either. But in the dream I had, it was suggested to me that, after all, there is no counting on a woman. I may be entirely wrong. Perhaps she does like you better than she does me. I don't believe she does, but that beastly little 'perhaps' has suggested itself, and I can't get rid of it. I can quite understand a woman's falling in love with you. If I were a woman I'd fall in love with you myself,—unless Helen Dawson were a man, so that I could still love her. You are attractive in appearance; you talk well; you can't sing and you know it, and so don't try, which in itself is enough to commend you to the affections of any well-ordered person—so why should it not happen that *perhaps*, through some idiosyncrasy of woman-kind, Helen Dawson should prefer you to me?"

"I think it quite likely that that may be the case," said I with a smile.

"I've no doubt of that," said Gerald, returning the smile; "but that judgment is based upon self-interest and conceit. My judgment centres upon something which involves a bitter disappointment for me, and so is worth something. But what I've come to you to-night for is just this: I want you to let your business slide, pack up your bag and go up to Belmore with me, and to-morrow morning I want you to propose to Helen Dawson."

If the ceiling had fallen on me I should not have been more staggered. The idea of Parsons making such a request as the one he had just voiced was too preposterous to be real. I pinched myself several times to make sure that I was not dreaming. Finally I found my voice.

"Gerald," I said, "are you really here in my rooms?"

"Of course I am," said he. "Where did you suppose I was?"

"I didn't know," I answered. "Are you sure I am not dreaming all this? As a matter of fact, are you not already at Belmore, dancing the York with Helen Dawson, or taking a sleigh-ride with the whole Dawson party?"

"Not on a night like this," returned Parsons, as an unusually heavy blast of wind came blustering past the windows and making the panes rattle. "I am here talking to you, and making what seems to me to be a perfectly fair, straightforward, friendly proposition to you."

"I can't believe it!" I said. "The proposition is fair enough and friendly enough, and you make it with a straightforwardness that is simply astounding; but what I find difficult to believe is that you have really made it at all. What is your object? Do you want to lose Helen altogether?"

"I do not," Gerald answered. "No more do I want to be rejected in your favor. That is the purely selfish side of it. I'd much prefer to have you rejected in my favor. But there are other sides to it. It may be that Helen likes us both equally well, and would accept the one who asks her first. If that is the case, while I should be disappointed in having her accept you, I should be much better off than I would be if I married a woman who took me only because I happened to be more enterprising with my proposal than some other man. Furthermore, granting that she liked you better than she did me, you have put off proposing so long, and have absented yourself so unaccountably from this house-party—for no one can imagine you as being too busy to take a week off—that in a spirit of pique she might accept me, and that I won't have. The only real way to get this thing settled to my entire satisfaction is to have you propose first, have you rejected, have you fly from the field and leave me in possession."

"But the ring! What will you do with that?" I asked.

"If she takes you you can have it free gratis. You'll need it. Come, will you go with me?"

"I will not!" I answered, firmly. "It is about the only thing in the world, Gerald, that you could ask me to do for you that I would refuse to do. I won't go. Say what you please, that is final."

"Not even when your own future happiness is at stake?" he said.

"That is unkind of you," I answered. "After failing in an appeal to my friendship for you, you try to gain your point by an appeal to my selfishness. I have no fear for my future happiness. If Helen Dawson loves me—as I think she does—she'll never accept you—so go along with you. Take your ring. I'll wager you one like it you won't succeed in getting rid of it in the way you think."

Gerald sat staring into the fire for a minute in silence. Then rising, he took my hand, pressed it warmly, and started for the door. As he opened it he turned and said:

"Good-bye, Jack. I'm going to Belmore. Don't ever say that I didn't give you a chance."

"No, Gerald," I replied. "I'll never say that. Before you go let us have one drink to—ah—"

"Well—to what?" he asked, with a smile.

"To us," I answered.

We drained a cup to ourselves, and in a moment Parsons was gone. After an hour of more reflection, in which this interview with Gerald played an important part, I turned in and was soon lost in dreams.

Christmas Day dawned clear and cold; just the sort of day for me with a large amount of writing to be done, since with me sunshine is as essential in writing as are ink, pen, and paper. I was felicitating myself upon this fact, when the thought flashed across my mind that as it was just the day for work, so also was it quite the sort of weather which would advance the cause of a wooer like Gerald, and with that thought all hope of accomplishing anything fled. I might quite as well have taken the day off, for the work I had undertaken was, under the circumstances, impossible of fulfillment. The morning hours passed slowly by, the afternoon came and went, and twilight found me sitting once more at my fireside, a prey to disquieting reflections; and as they had been interrupted by a knock upon the door the night before, so were they again interrupted by a similar knock this evening.

Again I cried "Come in!" and again Gerald Parsons entered.

"What?" I said, rising from my chair. "Back again?"

"Oh, no—of course not," he said, gloomily. "I'm off skating at Belmore. Don't you admire the graceful curves I make on the ice?"

"I didn't know but what I was dreaming again, Gerald," I explained. "I certainly didn't expect to see you so soon."

"I didn't expect you would, either," he returned shortly. "But it had to be done."

BALLAD OF DEAD MAN'S RUN.

HE rode adown the autumn wood,
A man dark-eyed and brown.
A mountain girl before him stood
Clad in a home-spun gown.

"To ride this road is death for you.
My brother waits you there:
My brother and my father, too—
You know the oath they swear!"

He holds her by one berry-brown wrist,
And by one berry-brown hand;
And he hath laughed at her and kissed
Her cheek the sun hath tanned.

"The feud is to the death, sweetheart,
But onward will I ride."
"And if you ride to death, sweetheart,
My place is by your side."

And he hath laughed again and kissed,
And helped her with one hand;
And they have rode into the mist
That haunts the autumn land.

And they had passed by Devil's Den
And come to Dead Man's Run,
When in the brush rose up two men,
Each with a leveled gun.

"Down, down, my sister!" cries the one;
She gives the reins a twirl.
The other shouts, "He shot my son,
And now he steals my girl!"

The rifles crack. She will not wail.
He will not cease to ride.
But, oh! her face is pale—is pale,
And the red blood stains her side.

"Sit fast; sit fast by me, sweetheart!
The road is rough to ride!"
The road is rough by gulch and bluff,
And her eyes are wild and wide.

"Sit fast; sit fast by me, sweetheart!
The bank is steep to ride!"
The bank is steep for a strong man's leap,
And she sways from side to side.

"Sit fast; sit fast by me, sweetheart!
The run is swift to ride!"
The run is swift with mountain drift,
And she holds not to his side.

Is it a wash of the yellow moss,
Or a drift of the forest's gold,
The mountain torrent foams across
For the dead tree's roots to hold?

Is it the bark of the sycamore,
Or bark of the white birch-tree,
The mountaineer on the other shore
Hath followed and still can see?

No mountain moss or leaves, my dears,
No bark of birchen gray,
But hair of gold and face death-cold
The wild stream bears away.

MADISON CAWEIN.

GOING BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.



natural picture, out-rivaling any scene ever put on paper or canvas.

It was early summer, and the cowboys at Pickett's Ranch lounged outside their cabin enjoying the restful, cooling evening breeze. The day had been warm and their duties onerous, and it was with a feeling of grateful satisfaction that they stretched their weary bodies on the soft grass to rest in the cool twilight.

At first there had been a little desultory talk regarding the events of the day and the work of the morrow, but it soon died out and a perfect silence followed. Old man Griggs sat on an inverted bucket with his back against the cabin, calmly smoking his pipe while his gaze was fixed thoughtfully on space. Hank Benton lay on his back looking up into the heavens, watching the stars as they budded out, and dreaming, probably, of the future. Mart Commons lay with his elbows on the ground and his chin resting in his hands, his eyes looking straight out to the distant horizon, where the last reflection of the sun gilded the western sky. He was thinking of other days and other scenes—of dear ones far away whom he had not seen

for years. And so with all. Each man was silent, and each was lost to his surroundings and to the present in thoughts of other scenes and other times.

For almost an hour silence reigned. The evening shadows deepened into night, and the stars, which at first peeped timidly out one by one, came boldly forth and studded the sky from horizon to horizon. The full, round moon peered, with seeming hesitation and caution, over the edge of the earth in the east, then, growing more courageous, mounted into full view. The last reflections of the sun faded from sight and the world to the west lay wrapped in darkness.

"I wonder," said Hank Benton, breaking the long silence, "if all them stars up thar air worlds, with people livin' in 'em, like some folks think?"

"Mebby," replied Mart Commons, absently, shifting his position a little.

"I wish I had wings an' could fly whar I pleased," Hank went on. "I'd go up thar right away an' see fer myself."

"I'll tell you what I'd do if I had wings," remarked old man Griggs, bringing his great, heavy form into a more comfortable position and carefully knocking the ashes from his pipe. "If I had wings, and could fly, I'd go right straight to the place I've just been a-thinkin' about."

"Whar's that?" Hank asked.

"Home," Griggs replied. "I'd go right back thar to Kaintuck, an' I wouldn't lose a minute gittin' thar, nather. Talk about your stars! Blame my old hide! I'd ten thousand times ruther see one little spot back thar in the blue-grass hills, with its little log-cabin an'—an'—an' the woman an' children I left thar, than to see all your stars an' all the people thar is in 'em."

There was a momentary silence after that, and the rough faces of the cowboys took on a serious, solemn air. Old man Griggs's words had stirred a train of tender memories. There



OUR CHRISTMAS VISIT TO THE OLD WOMAN'S HOME.
DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.



A CHRISTMAS TOILET.—DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.



"Stretched on the poor bed was a pale, sorrow woman. By her side lay the dead baby."

came before each of them a picture of his old home in the East, with the faces of the old father and mother, or the wife and children, whom he had not seen for many a day.

"Griggs," said Mart, with perfect seriousness and with not a tinge of sarcasm in his tone, "you're talkin' jest right, now, an' I'm with you. I'd give everything I own, or ever expect to own, if I could jest go back home to-night. I'm doggoned if I ain't homesick."

"Me too," agreed Hank.

"Fellers," said old Mart, after a short pause, "my home ain't much shakes, fer it's about as pore as a place could be an' be a home at all, an' I reckon wouldn't nobody hardly have it as a gift. But, boys, thar's a woman an' four children thar that's worth more than all the rest of the world put together, an' they make that old home, onery as it is, the dearest place on earth to me."

"I've got a woman an' five children back thar," Griggs said, "an' they're as plain an' common-lookin', I reckon, as people kin be, but yit they're good enough an' fine enough fer me."

"It's square," observed Hank, meditatively, "what a powerful grip a wife gits on a feller's heart. If he r'aly loves her thar ain't no fergittin' her, an' the longer he stays away from her the more he yearns to see her. It's the same way with a old home an' old associations, too, only not so much so."

"Yes, you're right," Mart assented. "'Pears like a feller can't never git away from them old memories. They stick to him like burs to a sheep, an' then they grow on him, too."

It was quite a while before any one spoke again, and the cowboys lapsed into a musing mood. Old man Griggs refilled and lighted his pipe, and for two or three minutes smoked with unusual energy, his gaze fixed steadily on the moon the meanwhile. It was plain that he was thinking seriously and earnestly. At last he brought his hand down on his knee emphatically.

"Boys," he said, "thar's no use in talkin'; I'm goin'."

"Goin' whar?" Mart asked.

"Home," Griggs replied. "Saturday's pay-day, an' I'll have money enough then to pay my way to Kaintuck, an' I'm goin'. Thar's no use in talkin', fellers, I've got to see my wife an' children."

Mart and Hank and the rest sat up and looked at the old man in astonishment. It was some time before they could believe he was really in earnest, his resolution was so sudden and unexpected. Finally old Mart advanced with outstretched hand saying:

"Old man, I'm with you. I'm goin', too."

"An' me," said Hank, unhesitatingly, springing animatedly to his feet.

The others were young men, and they remained silent. Their home ties were not so near and dear as those of their three older companions, for they had no wives or children to draw them back to the old scenes. Even they, however, felt the home longing, and in their hearts there was a yearning for a sight of the scenes of their childhood.

It was only three days until Saturday, but to Griggs, Mart, and Hank they seemed an eternity. For four years they had been away from home, and during all that time they had waited patiently for the day when they could return. But now the three days they must yet wait seemed longer than all those years. All the next day and the next they counted the hours, if not the minutes, and it was with childlike anxiety that they watched for the coming of Saturday.

At last the day came. Pickett made his appearance at noon and paid the "boys" their wages, and they were ready to begin their journey homeward.

"We'll ride to the railroad to-night by moonlight," old man Griggs said, "startin' after the cattle air in, so as to git a train early to-morrow mornin'."

The afternoon wore away, and when the sun was low in the western sky the cattle were rounded up and driven into the corral. Then the horses of the men were brought up, and with beaming faces and happy hearts the three men prepared to mount.

Griggs had just put his foot in the stirrup when he was arrested by the sudden appearance of one of the cowboys, who charged up in a mad gallop.

"Thar's a squatter on our range," the new-comer cried.

"What! A squatter?"

"Yes; a squatter."

"An' on our range?"

"Yes, that's whar I said he was, ain't it?"

The cowboys exchanged a quick glance, then looked to Griggs as if expecting him to speak. A moment passed, and then some one said:

"What you goin' to do 'bout him, Griggs?"

"'Bout who?" Griggs asked.

"Why, 'bout that squatter, o' course."

"What you reckon we'd do 'bout him? What kin we do 'bout him 'cept to run him off or shoot him? Git your guns an' less go down an' tend to him immediately."

"You fellers go on to the railroad," some one said, "an' we'll tend to the blame squatter."

"Nary time," replied Griggs. "Pickett give me orders,

when he put me in charge of this ranch, to keep squatters off o' the range, an' I'm goin' to do it. I ain't a-goin' to start off home leavin' one o' them onery varmints on the land. Come on, an' we'll go down an' burn his old wagon an' kill his hosses if he don't make a streak a-gittin' up an' away from here."

The cowboys rode out across the prairie to the south, and in a short time came upon an old canvass-covered wagon and a span of poor, bony horses.

"By gosh!" said Griggs, "but that's a tough-lookin' lay-out, shore. I hain't seen sich a plant as that in all my life."

"Reckon the blamed cuss must 'a' been seein' hard times," observed Mart.

"Guess he'll see harder times yit before we git through with him," old man Griggs said, grimly.

"See here," remarked some one, "don't the government give people a right to settle on this land?"

"I reckon so," Griggs replied.

"Then what right have we got to run this man off?"

"Don't matter nothin' 'bout that. Pickett hires us to work fer him, an' he gives us orders to keep settlers off o' this range, an' all we got to do is to obey orders. We ain't the government, an' we ain't workin' fer the government, an' we ain't got nothin' to do with the law."

The horsemen rode up close to the wagon and stopped. There was no one visible anywhere about, but after old Griggs called out a stentorian "hello" a voice was heard to come from the wagon.

"He's comin'," said Griggs, "an' now you're goin' to hear me do some blame plain talkin'. I'm goin' to pour it to him red-hot, an' if he sasses back—" and instead of finishing his sentence the old man significantly touched the pistol that hung at his side.

The squatter came out of the wagon directly, and walked toward the horsemen. He was a pitiable-looking object, with his thin, yellow face, his large, lustreless eyes, his emaciated form, and his poor, tattered clothing. Some of the cowboys may have felt a tinge of pity for him, but it is doubtful. They were used to such sights, and they were not apt to be moved by them.

"What do you want here?" the squatter asked, wearily.

"We want to know in the first place," old Griggs answered, "whether you air countin' on stoppin' here?"

"Yes, I am," the squatter replied. "I can't go nowhere else."

"Then we come here to tell you—" Griggs began, then suddenly stopped.

There had come from the old wagon just at that instant an

agonizing moan, such as could come only from a soul afflicted with the sorest anguish. That moan must have touched a heart of adamant and stirred it to a feeling of pity. It did touch the hearts of the rough, hardened cowboys, and the old Griggs meant to speak failed to find utterance.

There was a momentary pause as the squatter stood there with the tears rolling down his cheeks, while the cowboys glanced at one another inquiringly.

Finally Griggs spoke, and his voice was soft and almost gentle.

"Is somebody sick in thar?" he asked, pointing to the wagon.

"Yes," the man replied, "and worse than that. My wife is sick, but our baby is dead."

"Dead?" Griggs repeated, questioningly.

The man nodded his head. Then after a pause he went on: "We moved away out West and took up a 'claim,' and settled down to make us a home. We were happy, because we were well and strong and full of confidence; and we didn't mind the hardships and trials, for we looked forward to better days. But after a while sickness came, and I was down a long time; then wife and baby came next. We had no money and but little food, and how we lived I don't know. But at last I was strong enough to get about a little, and then, in the hope of saving the lives of my wife and child, I started back East to our old home. My wife grieved so for the old place, and the child too, because they were always well and happy there. I started back, but it has been a slow journey, for our horses are weak, and we have been a long time coming this far.

"To-day our baby died, and she lies there in the wagon now. My wife is growing weaker all the time, and she cannot last long, for we have neither food nor medicine, and not a cent to buy them with. We can't go on, for our horses are too weak now to draw the wagon, and God alone knows what we are to do."

As the man ceased speaking great tears rolled down his cheeks, and his frail form shook with suppressed sobs. His story was pitiful and pathetic, but not more so than himself.

Without a word Griggs dismounted and walked toward the wagon. Mart and Hank followed him. They went to the side and raising the sheet looked in. If they had needed anything more to touch their hearts and arouse their pity they found it then. Stretched on the poor bed was a pale, sallow woman, whose hollow eyes and wasted features told a pitiable tale of suffering and privation. By her side lay the dead baby.

The three men looked on the scene for a moment, then turned away with moistened eyes. Slowly they walked back, and for a little while neither of them spoke. When at last old Griggs spoke, his voice was husky and unsteady.

"Boys," he said, "we must talk this thing over." Moving aside a little space, he continued: "Fellers, it's jest awful to see that woman a-lyin' thar, lookin' like a ghost, with that dead baby aside of her. When all at once I recollected our business here, I never felt so queer in my life. I felt the lowest down, sneakin'ist mean that ever a human bein' did feel, I reckon. I couldn't a felt meaner if I'd been ketchin' stealin' sheep. Jest think of it, fellers! Seven or eight of us great, big, strappin' men comin' down here with pistols and guns to run that poor, sickly, weazened feller off o' this land, an' his wife a-lyin' thar 'most dead, and his baby already gone."

"I feel as sneakin' shabby as a suck-aig dog," said old Mart; "an' if somebody'd be kind enough to kick me fer 'bout 'n hour I'd thank him fer it."

"I feel jest like you fellers do," observed Hank; "but talkin' 'bout this affair hain't goin' to do us no good as I kin see."

"That's a fact," agreed Griggs. "We want to do, an' not talk. That feller wants to git his wife back to his old home, don't he?"

"Yes, an' the dead baby," Hank said.

"Azackly. They've got to go back on the train, too."

"Yep," agreed Mart. "Can't git thar no other way."

"No, of course not. Wonder whar he wants to go an' what it'll cost?"

"Dunno," said Hank. "We might raise what money we kin an' help him out some. Reckon ain't none of us got much to spare."

"Thar's what I've got," Griggs said, taking a roll of bills from his pocket.

"Why, that's the money to pay your way back East!" Mart exclaimed.

"Yes," assented Griggs, "but I ain't goin' home now. I've changed my mind an' concluded to wait a while."

"I ain't goin' home neither," Hank presently said, handing a roll of bills to Griggs.

"I reckon I've concluded not to go, too," remarked Mart, handing over his money. "After 'while will do as well. Be jest as much fun an' pleasure in goin' then as thar would in goin' now."

"Jest as much," agreed Hank; "an' if we went now we couldn't go then."

"No," Griggs and Mart answered with affected cheerfulness, but with only too evident disappointment in their tones. Hank knew how they felt, for he had the same feeling himself, and he knew it was no light thing to give up the contemplated trip home and abandon the hope of seeing the dear ones there.

"Jest as soon wait another month or two as not, anyhow," the old man said, with a forced smile. "Reckon mebbe the weather 'll be better fer the trip then."

"Reckon so," agreed Mart.

How in the world the weather could have been better nobody could have imagined, for it was simply perfect as it was. Old Griggs wanted some excuse, however, and he could think of nothing else, and, lame as that was, he made use of it.

"There's money enough to take the squatter back to his old home," Griggs remarked, holding up the roll of bills, "an' I guess he'd better be goin'. Won't do to have no squatter stoppin' on our range, you know, an' when one does stop we've got to git him off."

"Reckon some of us better rig up a wagon an' team fer a trip to the railroad."

"Yes; they'd better go to-night. We want to make up a good soft bed in the wagon fer the sick woman an' the dead baby."

"Pore little baby!" old Mart murmured to himself. "Lyin'

thar dead aside of its pore sick mother, an' us a-comin' down here to cuss its paw an' order him away like a dog. Blamed low-down, sneakin' onery in us, an' we ort to be kicked clean to Mexico."

Griggs turned to walk back to the wagon, but before he had gone far one of the young men of the party stopped him, saying:

"Old man, us young fellers don't feel jest right about this business."

"Why, what's the matter of you?" Griggs asked.

"We 'low we've got some rights an' privileges in this kentry."

"I reckon you have."

"An' we 'low you ain't got no right to slight an' snub us, nuther."

"What you mean?"

"Mean that we've got a right to have a finger in this here pie—jest as good a right to give that thar squatter our money as you have to give him yourn. You three fellers, jest because you're older 'an we air, hain't goin' to hog all the privileges that's a-goin' on in this camp."

The younger cowboys handed in their money, and then the whole party repaired to the wagon. The squatter was sitting on the double tree, bowed down in sorrow, as dejected and forlorn-looking an object as any one ever saw. He raised his head as the cowboys approached, and they saw that his eyes were red with weeping.

"As I war sayin' 'while ago," said Griggs, addressing the squatter, "we come down here to tell you—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the squatter, sadly; "but I can't go on now, for the horses are too weak to draw the wagon. You surely won't be so heartless as to drive us away when—"

"As I said," Griggs began again, cutting the other short, "we come down here to tell you that if we could do anything for you we would. We 'lowed mebbe we mout be able to help you some way."

"And you didn't come to drive us off the range?" the squatter asked, eagerly.

"Who said anything 'bout drivin' nobody off o' no range?" Griggs replied.

"Nobody; but I thought you come for that. The cowboys won't let the settlers be at peace anywhere, an' I thought you—"

"Don't make no difference what you thought," interrupted Griggs. "Sometimes a feller thinks right an' sometimes he thinks wrong, but whatever way he thinks don't make no difference to us. But you must git away from here."

"I can't, I tell you."

"I reckon you kin. Fact is, you've got to."

"Don't you see the condition I'm in?"

"Yes; but you'll have to go. You can't stay here, fer if you do that woman won't live a week. You'll jest have to go, an' no mistake, so you'd best git in shape for travelin' as quick as you kin. Reckon you kin be ready in an hour?"

"Great heavens, men!" the squatter cried, "you surely won't make me leave here to-night! I can't go, I tell you. My horses can't travel any further."

"Reckon thar's other hosses in this part o' the kentry," Griggs said. "We've got some that kin travel, I 'low. You want to git back to your old home, an' our notion is you'd better be gittin' thar, an' the sooner the better. We'll jest hitch up an' take you, an' them in thar," pointing to the wagon, "over to the railroad, whar you kin take a train in the mornin'."

The man shook his head.

"I can't do that," he replied, "for I have no money to pay fare on the train."

"Mebby you ain't," Griggs said, "but thar's other folks, I 'low, that has. We happen to have a little money among us that we hain't got hardly any earthly use fer at all, an' we're goin' to give it to you. Don't know what else we'd do with it. Here," and Griggs extended the roll of bills; "it hain't much, but I reckon it'll git you an' that pore sick woman an' the dead baby back home."

The squatter took the money mechanically and for a moment stared at the rough, sun-bronzed cowboys in blank astonishment. At first he could not comprehend the meaning of this unexpected kindness, but at last his mind grasped the situation and he was so deeply touched that he cried like a child. The cowboys looked solemnly on, and old Griggs drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

"I have no right to take your money," the squatter said finally, when he had mastered his feelings a little.

"I reckon you have when we give it to you," Griggs replied. "But it don't matter 'bout that. You git ready to travel while we rig up a wagon an' team."

An hour later the sick woman was lifted gently into the wagon the cowboys brought and placed on a soft bed they had made for her. Then the dead baby was taken up reverently and laid by her side. When all was ready, old Griggs mounted to the seat and took the reins. One of the boys offered to drive, but the old man refused.

"I'm goin' to drive myself," he said. "That thar woman has got to be drove keerfully, an' I ain't goin' to trust her to nobody."

Old Mart and Hank climbed up by the side of Griggs, and the wagon rolled away across the level, green, moon-lighted prairie, with its queer burden of humanity.

"You're putting yourselves to a great deal of trouble," the squatter remarked, "to come all this journey with us."

"Not a bit of it," Griggs replied. "We was goin' to the railroad to-night, anyhow, an' was jest ready to start when we heard you was camped down thar on the range."

"Yes, we was jest ready to start," Hank remarked a little sadly, as he remembered the visit they were going to make to their homes and families.

Old Mart said nothing, but he breathed a sigh that told a whole story of disappointment.

It was early morning when the wagon rolled slowly through the one street of the little straggling station, and stopped at the small depot. It was not long before the train came, and the rough cowboys carried the sick woman tenderly across the

platform to a car, where they laid her down. She looked up at them as they started away, a sad, weak smile lighting her thin features. She extended her hand, and each of them took it in turn. Her lips moved, and old man Griggs, bending over her, heard her whisper:

"God bless you."

That smile and those words fully recompensed the three men for all the sacrifice they had made, and if they had needed anything to reconcile them to their loss they found it in the joy they had brought to the poor woman's heart.

They could not help feeling a pang of disappointment, though, when they stood on the depot platform and watched the train speeding away to the East. They thought of the pleasure they had experienced in the past three days in looking forward to that hour when they should board that same train to begin the journey to their homes and their loved ones. There was in their hearts regret, not for what they had done, but for what they had lost.

A long time they stood there looking after the speeding train, then with a sigh they turned away and walked back to the wagon. Silently they stepped in and drove back across the prairie. It was a long time before any one spoke, but finally old Mart drew a long, heavy sigh and said:

"Boys, I'd 'a' give the world to 'a' been on that train when it pulled out fer the East."

"An' me, too," agreed Hank. "I never did want to go nowhar so bad as I want to go home. Since I've got to thinkin' 'bout it, an' 'bout my wife and children, I've got 'most crazy to go."

"Well, we kin go in a month or two," old man Griggs remarked, reflectively; "an' that ain't very long."

"No-o, not very long," old Mart agreed, in a doubtful tone.

"An' if we'd gone now we couldn't go then," Hank said, consolingly.

Again they were silent for a little while, and as they drove on they gazed out across the prairie with a sad, yearning look. Finally old man Griggs said, as if speaking to himself:

"Pore woman, an' pore little dead baby!"

"I'm glad we could send 'em home," said Hank.

"I don't mind much about not gettin' to go home," Mart remarked.

"Ner me," Hank said.

"We kin go in a month or two," old man Griggs observed.

"Yes, an' that won't be very long," Mart replied.

"An' if we'd gone now we couldn't go then," Hank said, philosophically.

With Roses, on Christmas.

HEREWITH I send you roses red and white,
Remembrancers of summer, and the long
Delicious days melodious with song,
And gardens odorously with blossoms bright;
Remembrancers of all Love's new delight
When first he tried his wings and found them strong
To bear him up above the weary throng
Of Doubt unto Desire's most starry height.

They hold my message. Shall you bid them speak?
Then bid them tell the story which was told
Their fragrant sisters and to you alone.

Dear hearts of June, sweet must it be to seek
And find, this Christmas morn, one heart all gold
Like summer's and all spotless like your own!
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE CHRISTMAS OF '37,

AS THE SQUIRE REMEMBERED IT.

BY ED. MOTT.

IT was a Christmas Eve in Pike County, and the weather was severe and the snow deep. The old settler and the squire were at the tavern, where the tea-kettle was singing merrily and things were smelling good. The old settler was a little testy—if it was Christmas—and the squire in a bantering mood.

"It couldn't be much colder, b'gosh!" said the old settler, "if the nor'-west corner o' Greenlan' had ben chipped off 'n' shoved down ag'in us! Never see sech weather!"

"But this here snow's jest w'at we want fer Chris'mas, though, major," said the squire.

"Wull," replied the old settler, stiffening up in his chair, "it may be jest w'at we want, but s'pose y' lived back in the woods eight or ten miled, 'n' mebbe four miled f'm a tavern, 'n' no neighbors nigher 'n a b'ar or two over in the swamp? I don't b'lieve y'd holler Merry Chris'mas very loud w'en y' woke up in the mornin' 'n' foun' yerself sarcumented by three solid foot o' snow! It's all right a settin' here, whar it's nice 'n' warm, 'n' things is goin' round pooty often, 'n' say this here snow is jest w'at we want; but jest yer goout 'n' start out ez an independent farmer on a fertile tract o' hoop-pole pastur', 'n' then let a piece o' winter like this is drop down on y' fer Chris-mas. I'd like to hear yer 'pinion of it then, b'gosh!"

"No neighbor nigher 'n a b'ar or two, did y' say, major?" asked the squire. "Wull, if the chaps ez lives in the woods now is anythin' like they was in my day, them's jest the kind o' neighbors they'd rather call on th'n any other kind, snow or no snow, on a Chris'mas. Consarned if I wouldn't like to drop in on one myself wunst more, jest to show 'em ez I hain't fergot 'em. D'ye 'member the Chris'mas o' '40, major?"

The old settler turned a severe look on the squire and said: "Do I 'member the Chris'mas o' '40? Wull, if I couldn't 'member farder back th'n that, b'gosh! I'd be out a-ridin' down hill with the rest o' the boys t'night. I were sayin' to M'riar





RECEPTION IN A HOME OF LUXURY AND OPULENCE.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

only this mornin' at breakfas', 'M'riar,' I says, 'would y' b'lieve th't on Chris'mas, 1837, we had one o' the hardest thunder-storms in Sugar Swamp,' I says; 'th't ever shook th't corner o' the county?' 'M'riar were puttin' on another griddle o' cakes, 'n' she says, 'Wull,' she says, 'I mowt b'lieve it, 'n' then ag'in I mowt'n't,' she says. 'It'd depen' a leetle on who says so,' she says. 'Wull,' I says, 'I says so, o' course.' 'M'riar turned the cakes on the griddle 'n' put another stick o' wood in the stove. 'Y' didn't git struck by lightnin' in that storm, did y'?' says she. 'Struck by lightnin'?' I says. 'Course not!' 'Mebbe y' wa'n't old enough,' says M'riar, 'but if I was you,' she says, 'I wouldn't fetch up that thunder-storm now,' she says, 'cause y' hain't too old to git struck by lightnin' yit,' she says. 'M'riar's apt to be a leetle insinuwatin' w'en she's bakin' cakes, 'specially w'en she happens to git holt o' a stick o' wood that's cut an inch or so too long, ez she did this mornin'. But that thunder-shower were a cur'ous thing, 'n' no mistake."

"I 'member it well," said the squire, with a wink at Sol, the landlord. "Terrible deepsnow th't winter, wa'n't th', major?"

"Deepest I ever see," replied the old settler, with an uneasy and suspicious look at the squire.

"Th't Chris'mas were the coldest day o' the year, too," continued the squire.

"Cold!" exclaimed the old settler. "W'y, it were ez warm, b'gosh! ez a May mornin'."

"Mowt 'a' ben warm at Sugar Swamp," said the squire, "but three miled furdur up the creek, whar I were, 'twere howlin' cold. W'y, consarn it, major! Don't y' 'member how that rain friz ez fast ez it fell, an' how it kim down in solid

streaks no bigger 'round th'n a clo's line, but some on 'em more'n a hundred foot long? 'N' don't y' 'member how they rammed one end o' theirselves inter the snow, 'n' stood around thar thicker'n pea-bush in a garden, furdur'n any one could see? Don't that leetle sarcumstance come back to y', major?"

"No, b'gosh, it don't!" exclaimed the old settler, tapping the floor with his cane. "An' besides—"

"An' don't y' 'member how ev'ry wunst in a w'ile lightnin' 'd dip the top o' one o' them streaks o' frizzen rain 'n' slide down it inter the snow, 'n' melt so much of it th't if it hadn't 'a' friz ez fast ez it melted it'd 'a' run in the creek 'n' made sech a flood ez th' hain't ben sence Noar! 'N' y' must 'member, major, how the men 'n' teams was busy fer more'n a week diggin' the shower outen the snow, so ez to run it down the creek 'n' git rid o' it fore th' kim a thaw 'n' sent it b'ilin' down more'n bank full? Mebbe the shower you mean, major, were in the winter o' '30?"

And the squire leaned back in his chair, more than pleased, for he knew he had spoiled the old settler's reminiscence. The old settler walked nervously with his cane for a while, and then, shaking his finger at the squire, said:

"Tha's a good many things ez I'd 'a' like to had fer a present this Chris'mas, 'n' some on 'em is wuth a heap o' money. If I could 'a' had 'em all, 'n' had 'em here right now, 'n' somebody'd offer me sixteen thousan' dollars fer 'em, cash, I'd say, 'No, sir, b'gosh! Y' can't hev 'em! But, squire, if I could make a turn with 'em 'n' trade 'em off fer your mem'ry, I'd say, 'Here, squire! B'gosh! 'lmighty, take 'em!'"

Then diplomatic Sol, the landlord, set out the glasses, savory and steaming.

"Merry Christmas!" said he.

And the old settler and the squire touched glasses and drank heartily.

PART I.

HE came upon them quite suddenly—too suddenly for any pretense of unconscious withdrawal. They were standing together in a little circular clearing in the midst of the pine woods through which Mr. Royal was walking. His eyes had been lifted to the diapered ceiling of fine pine-branches against the winter sky. The wood carpet of brown pine-needles, woven with dried leaves for woof, had deadened his footfall. He stepped out into the little clearing and there saw Harriet Wayland with her face pressed against the shoulder of a man whose arm was about her waist. Their only sentinel, a squirrel that sat chattering on the bough above them, gave a startled leap away, which flung down a dead twig and warned them too late. Harriet, with a smothered cry, would have broken from the arm that held her, but it closed more closely about her as the intruder advanced slowly. He held his hat in his hand, and his unshaded features wore a perplexed gravity.

"Miss Wayland," he said, "it would be useless for me to ignore what is. But if you can believe it, I am even more deeply disturbed at this unexpected meeting than yourself. What do you wish me to do? I ran down from the city with no warning, to impose myself upon you for the Christmas season, and walked from the train here. Your brother does not expect me, and has not yet seen me. Shall I go as I came? I am in your hands."

Harriet looked at him for a moment before replying.

"It is we who are in yours," she said, tremulously. "Mr. Royal, shall you tell my brother?"

The bright red mantle she wore was gathered over her brown hair in a hood that she had thrust back on her shoulders as she stepped forward. Mr. Royal lifted his hand and, half smiling, seemed to examine it.

"As yet," he said, "my right hand has not offended me. What has been given into its keeping has been honorably kept. I think you may trust to it, though I am your brother's friend and must act that part also."

The red of her mantle seemed reflected in the girl's face from her pointed chin to her broad brow.

"What has Richard told you?" she asked. "How much do you know?"

Mr. Royal turned courteously to her companion, who had not yet spoken.

"I know but little," he said. "Some months ago Miss Wayland's brother hinted to me of your existence, but without giving your name or habitation. Until this moment you have taken no actual form in my mind. Let me disabuse you of any impression that I have been made a confidant except in a manner as accidental as the giving of your confidence to me a moment ago."

Mr. Royal was but little the senior of the man to whom he spoke, yet he felt a century old as he received a reply straightforward and full of wounded feeling as from an honest boy.

"It would be hard to say which Mr. Wayland most objects to—my name, which is Francis Bowen, or my habitation, which is the manager's house on this estate. We both inherit our houses and our lands from our great-uncles; only one was master and the other man. Mr. Wayland does not desire a Claude Melnotte episode in his family. He has told me so himself."

Harriet's hand clinched at her side.

"My brother has been cruel," she cried—"cruel! Mr. Royal, if old Francis Bowen was the manager of 'Folly' he

was my uncle Richard's closest friend as well. They lived here in the wilderness alone together. No being ever saw one without the other. When my uncle died he left the manager's house and a third of the 'Folly' lands to his old friend. He called him so in his will. Does that look as if he held him an inferior?"

Francis Bowen interrupted her.

"My father's grandfather was a plain country farmer," he said. "What his father was, we do not know. Mr. Wayland was perfectly right. We belong to the soil, or perhaps have the stain of some less respectable following. All that we have in this world we owe to my old namesake, or rather to his benefactor through him. My father was the first man of real education in our family. I am but the second, and so only two-thirds a gentleman, if three generations are needed to produce the product. For that formula I am indebted to Mr. Wayland in our last interview."

Mr. Royal's eyes had been fastened on Francis Bowen's face. He now drew a step nearer the two.

"Your last interview with Mr. Wayland seems to have impressed itself upon you, Mr. Bowen. As I have surprised your confidence in part, and as you have honored me by yielding it to me further, perhaps you will let me ask one question. Miss Wayland, when do you come of age—when does your brother's guardianship cease?"

Francis Bowen replied for her.

"I know what your thought is. It was ours also. But we would have another year to wait, and we have already borne six months of trial."

Mr. Royal smiled as he looked at the young couple before him.

"I am not an old man," he said, "yet as I look at you it seems to me that you both have an eternity of time before you in which a year is a small item. And, if you will pardon my saying so, I scarcely term this waiting."

"This," Harriet broke in, "is my brother's fault. For eight months, although we have been in the same city, we have not once seen each other. We would not be together now if Richard had not taken a letter from my very hands and dragged me down here to the wilderness, for punishment. Then Mr. Bowen followed me. Why not? My brother refused to believe that we were not meeting secretly in the city. If he thinks that, let it be so in the country."

"The letter," said Mr. Royal, "was, I suppose, from Mr. Bowen. Perhaps my friend Dick would agree with me in scarce terming that waiting, either."

Francis Bowen responded with eagerness: "Nor should I, were there any treaty between Mr. Wayland and myself. He has refused to treat with me or, indeed, to make any terms whatever. He was beside himself with rage in the one interview we had on the subject. Utter repudiation of me and force, if necessary, for his sister, was his only policy. For Harriet's sake it was wiser to wait, and up to this time we have waited, with only an occasional letter."

"My poor Dickon," said Mr. Royal. "Those gory locks of his are as much his weakness as were Samson's his strength. But, Mr. Bowen, Miss Wayland is not formed for a diplomatist. Witness that scarlet cloak she has on now, almost as well identified with her as her face and fully as tell-tale."

Harriet fingered her red ribbons, her eyes cast down.

"I know it was my fault that my brother discovered all last spring. He found us together here in the wilderness."

Mr. Royal lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"It was here that you first met?"

"There seemed a fatality about it," Bowen answered. "For the first time in years Mr. Wayland and I visited our separate inheritances and opened our houses on the same day. He came, as you probably know, for a fortnight's shooting. I came alone to look after the leasing of my land. I met Miss Wayland by accident then. That was the beginning of the end, whatever the end is to be."

Harriet stamped her foot impetuously. Her eyes filled with tears.

"There can be but one end. My brother shall not rule my life and do as he pleases with me. I am not his doll. Mr. Royal, you must speak to my brother for us. He loves you; he will listen to you."

Her soft hands and her small white teeth were clinched. She seemed so fierce, so small, so impotent and lovely, that Mr. Royal could not control a smile as he looked at her. Harriet flushed resentfully.

"You always think of me, you and Richard, as a child, Mr. Royal," she said.

Mr. Royal did not reply until she had looked up, and his eyes met hers.

"No," he said, slowly, "if we have erred, it could only be in always thinking of you, but not as of a child."

Bowen looked up quickly, a dawning suspicion darkening his open face as Harriet's eyes fell and a softer color fluttered in her cheeks.

"I—I was hasty," she said, softly. "Oh, Mr. Royal, forgive me! I should not have asked you to help us—as—as—"

"As Richard's friend?" he interrupted. "I think no asking or cajolery could make me disloyal to him, even did you so far condescend. Miss Wayland, though I remain here undecided, the return trains do not. If I am to avail myself of them I must be leaving. As I said, I am in your hands."

"Oh, if you will only stay!" Harriet entreated. "It is not a *tête-à-tête* between Richard and me, but a horrible *dos-à-dos*. You can always soothe him."

Bowen had made a hasty step forward and seemed about to speak when Mr. Royal glanced suddenly into the pine woods across a thicket of low pine brush.

"Do you think I could soothe Richard if he found us together here?" he said, quickly. "Miss Wayland, you were not made for secrets. I entreat you to give up this one until you are of age and free. Mr. Bowen, if you love her, love her enough to renounce her for a time. You can if other and less favored men must do so forever. This once I will help you. In honor I cannot again. Richard is now in the wilderness. I surely caught a distant glimpse of his ruddy head through the trees, like a poppy in a field of corn. I will meet him and turn him back. Only—for her sake be advised. This is the last time—"

He turned from the clearing as he spoke and disappeared in the thicket, leaving the lovers together.

Following the flambeau of his friend's head, Mr. Royal made his way through the wilderness, but to his satisfaction Richard Wayland had entered a side path that led him away from the clearing. Mr. Royal loitered behind until the path broke cover at a great open space cut in the midst of the pine woods. There he paused and looked about him.

"And so," he said, aloud, "this is 'Folly,' and fascinating as she ever is."

In the centre of the space, surrounded by an even lawn, stood a long, low house, built in the curious shape of a crescent moon. In earlier days its architecture must have seemed even more fantastic than when old age had mellowed the red bricks, dulled the black pointing of the crevices, and covered the whole pile with ivy. The great front entrance was in the hollow of the curve, but there were also glass doors cut in each horn of the moon. A roadway, following the curving line of the house, swept off to the north and south to be lost in the wilderness at either end. The lawn trees and the box hedges were cut in strange shapes. One was a lamb, one a heart, and another a dove. It was under the spread wings of the latter that Mr. Royal's quickened steps reached his friend's side. He raised his hand and struck him laughingly on the shoulder.

"Wake up, Dick!"

Richard Wayland ceased his plodding walk. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, with strong features, that the sensitiveness of his unshaven lips seemed to deny. The red of his hair had spared some of its tint for his brown eyes. As he turned on his heel fiercely his head reared. Mr. Royal laughed in his face.

"My word, Dick, you look like a great red fighting-cock, eyes and all."

Richard Wayland's expression altered suddenly.

"Royal!" he exclaimed. "How should I dream it was you?" His fierceness had melted into an eagerness that had something pathetic in it. "This was like you," he went on. "No other man in the world would have done this."

"What? Invite himself to a plum-pudding from which he has been asked to abstain? That was a shabby trick, Dickon. I refused to put up with it."

Wayland's face clouded again.

"It was a misunderstanding between Harriet and me," he said, slowly. "I thought we could make up a gay house-party here for the Christmas season, but she did not desire it. Fortunately I had only issued a few invitations to friends like yourself, who could be easily put off."

"If the others are not more easily side-tracked than I you may yet have that queer old house full. Who built it, Richard? And why in the world did they build it on that plan?"

Wayland looked up at his inheritance indifferently.

"It is Folly in the Wilderness," he said with a shrug. "My namesake built it, and all remains as he left it. He had eccentric tastes in more directions than one. When he first set his home in this desert it was known as 'Wayland's Folly,' later as 'The Folly,' and now 'Folly in the Wilderness.' My father never cared for it and never lived here. You are welcome to its walls. Come in, Royal."

They had reached the great entrance, which opened into a square hall, from the centre of which rose the wide stairway that led to the upper rooms. In the back wall of the platform

at the head of the stair was a deep-recessed window leading out on a balcony. On the right side of the hall the doors were boarded, on the left they were open and showed the living-rooms within.

"We are not using the right side of the house," said Wayland. "It is, in fact, boarded up as you see. The left wing is large enough and rambling enough to lose one's self in. Here are our present quarters."

He led the way into an old-fashioned drawing-room, where the spindle-legged chairs with harp-shaped backs and the little card-tables, which were as solid as they appeared delicate, held their own against invasion. There was no atmosphere of to-day present. Despite the occupation by a present generation all things in the "Wilderness" breathed of yesterday. The two friends dined alone together in the old dining-room. Harriet did not appear, though she sent her greetings to Mr. Royal, begging that he would excuse her absence on the ground of indisposition.

"Harriet is not herself this season," her brother said, shortly, and Mr. Royal answered nothing.

But after dinner they found her in the drawing-room behind the coffee-urn. She showed no sign of illness and would have received Mr. Royal with a smilingly significant welcome; but he bowed over her offered hand in grave silence. Harriet drew back, coloring. She turned from him to the coffee-table again, where Mr. Royal followed her. As he stooped to examine the old-fashioned urn, Richard stepped forward and lifted its lid.

"I thought you would pick that out," he said; "it is the oldest piece of silver in our family. You see our shield is engraved in the side; the mantle forms the handles and the crest the top. We have some interesting old family silver, I think, but no family jewels. I wish we had, for Harriet's sake."

Harriet pushed the table impatiently aside.

"You need not. I hate family relics as much as you love them. They are only mile-stones for family pride. When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?"

Wayland bit his lip, his color rising, then he turned, laying his hand tenderly on his sister's hair.

"For me," he said, "these are my millions."

He lifted her face as he spoke, and looked smilingly into her eyes.

"And these my black diamonds. You are jewel enough for me, Hatty."

Harriet drew away from him.

"I wish you would not call me by that ridiculous name. Hatty! I had just as willingly be called *Cappy* or *Bonnet*. You know I hate it."

With an effort Wayland once more held himself in check.

"My one jewel seems to be loose in my setting," he said, gently. "Shall we go to the smoking-room, Royal?"

Harriet spoke to Mr. Royal quickly.

"Don't go. Why should you not smoke here? There is nothing for smoke to spoil."

"You do not object to-night, then?" asked Wayland. His brow knit as he spoke.

"No," she replied, shortly; "to-night I wish it."

Mr. Royal looked from one to the other.

"Even if we do not? I have not the appetite upon me now, if I may be excused. Is the right wing the counterpart of this left wing, Wayland?"

"In most respects," Wayland replied. "I had the boards taken down once and went over it. There was very little difference. Why my uncle chose to build so large a pile for no one but his sister and himself, I cannot imagine. Harriet and I find this right side too large for us alone. We have adjoining apartments deeper in the wing. Your room, Royal, will be over this one—the state bed-chamber."

"Perhaps," suggested Harriet, "they were not so loving a brother and sister as we are. The sister's apartments, Mr. Royal, were in that left wing and the brother's in the right. After she committed suicide he had the right wing boarded up. There was some such ugly story about her death, was there not, Richard? It was handed down along with the family silver,—only one we keep on the sideboard and the other in the closet."

Richard's jaw set hard.

"You know there is such a story," he said, harshly, "and that it is too true, Harriet. You may as well hear the whole episode, Royal. There was nothing to account for the poor woman's act, and the horror of it all not only broke my uncle's heart but unhinged his mind. From being a man of peculiar dignity and reserve, he sank to the level of his servants, and, shutting himself away here at 'Folly,' refused to admit a member of his family. In fact, he fell utterly under the dominion of his manager, a man named Bowen, who had been engaged a little before the tragedy. At my uncle's death, a third of 'Folly' was left to this fellow. My father could easily have broken the will had he so desired. This is the family scandal to which Harriet referred."

Harriet was breathing hard, her dark eyes full of passionate anger. She controlled her voice with difficulty.

"You have twisted the story skillfully, Richard. My version of it would not agree with yours; and, by the way, I have not quite agreed with you either as to the size of this house. I think we have been crowded. To-day I had the right wing unboarded and have moved my appointments there."

Richard stood before her, white with rage.

"Harriet, what do you mean. What have you been doing?"

For a moment she cowered in her chair, then rose to face him.

"I have been moving my apartments to the right wing, that I might have a spot more retired. At this moment I think I stand in need of some such place, and shall go to it. Let me be, Richard; I will not stay in the same room with you."

Her brother had caught her wrists with his two hands as she tried to pass him. He seemed scarcely conscious of his words or actions. His eyes were on fire and his teeth were set.

"I will not let you go. You goad me to fury and then play the injured. What new scheme is this? What are you now plotting?"

"Richard!" said Mr. Royal. "Richard!"

His hand rested on his friend's shoulder, and passing down

his arm, touched his wrist. Richard's muscles relaxed instantly. He dropped his grasp of his sister, who fled sobbing from the room.

Richard flung himself into a chair by the table and buried his face in his arms. Mr. Royal waited near him. When Richard raised his face, it was to see him standing there motionless.

"This is what it has come to," said Wayland, bitterly. "You have witnessed but one of our disgraceful scenes. How does it strike you, Royal?"

His friend looked at him seriously.

"As you have described it. Will you never learn to control these outbreaks?"

"Never, I fear. I inherit them along with 'Folly.' When this anger comes over me it is as a great wave swelling and mounting before me—if it towers above my head and breaks I know nothing more."

"I cannot always be with you. Some one of these paroxysms may have a fearful ending."

Richard bent his head gloomily.

"I know, and I know the present fear in your mind; but that would be impossible. Harriet is as dear to me, far dearer than my own life, even now, when she spurs me no pain which she can inflict."

Mr. Royal drew his chair nearer to the table, seating himself.

"Dick, what is the trouble between you?"

Wayland glanced up at him hesitatingly also.

"It is the old trouble," he broke out. "I hinted of it to you before when you—Why should I repeat what gave pain enough then?"

"We will think of her only," said Mr. Royal, quietly. "Is the man wholly objectionable?"

"I know nothing about him but his name. That is enough. I should be ashamed to tell you who and what the name means to me. I thought I had stamped out the whole affair, and I find my care was as nothing. They have been in constant communication."

"May I ask his occupation?"

"A journalist, I believe."

"Is he successful?"

"I believe so."

Mr. Royal looked at his friend critically.

"Richard," he said, "you know so. Be careful that you do not put yourself in the wrong with your sister. A successful professional man carves his own position in the world. In a year Harriet will be of age. She may then marry whom she chooses. Your only power over her will be influence."

"She shall not marry this man if I have to turn the lock on her in this grave in the wilderness. I would rather see her in her actual grave than have her so disgrace herself and me."

"Have you said all this to her?" asked Mr. Royal.

"Yes, and with what consequences? She has shut herself away from me more and more, and to-night tells me that she has moved as far from me as the house admits."

"It is as I feared. You are pushing her too far. Richard, remember, though her hair is brown it has lights in it not unlike your own gory tresses."

Richard strode gloomily up and down the floor.

"Royal—in all reverence I say it—if God—"

But Mr. Royal had thrust his fingers into his ears.

"When men open 'In all reverence I say it,' this is my protection from blasphemy," he said, laughing.

His friend smiled reluctantly.

"You are ever playing David to my Saul. I was only about to question the mercy of a Providence that could leave a motherless girl to the care of a fatherless man. But you have had enough of our troubles to spoil your Christmas cheer for you. To-morrow will be Christmas Eve, will it not? We shall have nothing to mark it. Harriet refuses to allow a sprig of green in the house, and will make no Christmas Day preparations. However, she may relent by to-morrow. If I could keep my anger against her at red heat, I might better control her. Even now I am foolishly anxious over the idea of her loneliness in that right wing, so far from me."

"Put me in the right wing also," said Royal, "if it makes you easier to do so."

Wayland's face cleared.

"It would greatly relieve me, if you do not object. I will order a room and a fire to be prepared for you at once."

He left the room as he spoke, and was some time absent. When he returned he brought with him a box of cigars, which he offered to Mr. Royal.

"Your room is ready," he said. "Will you take these with you, or shall we smoke here before we separate?"

Mr. Royal looked at his host's weary face.

"I will smoke in my own room. Neither of us is in condition for midnight revels. But can't you lend me a plebeian pipe, Wayland—or have you only these patrician cigars?"

Wayland opened one of the old-fashioned cabinets and took out a pipe elaborately carved in curious twisted shapes. The bowl was a grinning head.

"I forgot your weakness," he said. "I can lend you a pipe that is not plebeian. This belonged to my old uncle and was his favorite meerschaum. He was an inveterate smoker. The tradition is that he died in his easy-chair with this stem in his mouth, a smoke half finished. Should you be superstitious about using it with that history?"

Mr. Royal laughed as he took the pipe, examining the peculiar carving.

"I should the more enjoy it. The experience will be in keeping with the old house. If my room is ready, I think I will go to it now, particularly as we are to spend to-morrow hunting."

Wayland did not attempt to dissuade him.

"We are to spend it finding, I trust," he said; "they tell me that the wilderness is full of game."

"I hope so," Mr. Royal answered, "and that Christmas Eve may bring us more than sportsman's luck. The woods will be hung with garlands if the house is not, Wayland. Good-night to you, and a better morning."

PART II.

It was Christmas Eve at "Folly," but except for the sea-

sonable weather, it might have been any other day in the year. Not a bit of green, not a sign of joyousness, not a Christmas dainty, marked the festival. Mr. Royal, dressed in hunting costume, was standing at the dining-room window, looking at a tall holly-tree which grew just outside, its glossy branches and red berries shining in the cold morning sunshine. He called Harriet to him and pointed to the tree.

"It is Christmas Eve," he said. "Don't you want to ask some of that in? See how it is holding out its green hands in the cold."

Harriet shook her head determinedly, though she laughed.

"It might find it colder inside," she said; "How dared Richard to speak to me as he did last night?"

Breakfast was over, and Richard was busy among the guns in the little gun-room back of the dining-room. Its glass doors, ending the left wing, gave the hunters easy access from without. To Mr. Royal, Harriet had been gracious as always; for her brother she had only an icy word in reply to his morning greeting. Now, as he came forward to join them at the window, Harriet moved away, leaving the room by another door. Wayland turned as if to follow her, his brow knit and troubled, but Mr. Royal checked him.

"Have patience, Richard. She had something to be angry for in last night's affair. Give her the day in which to recover and let us get to our shooting."

It was late in the afternoon when the hunters returned, and they came not only burdened with game but laden with holly and mistletoe and green pine robbed from the trees in the wilderness. The idea of a house ungarnished at Christmas seemed to weigh on Richard with an almost childlike distress. It was he who had insisted on bringing the greens back to "Folly," hoping that the sight of their glossy beauty piled in a prickly heap in the gun-room might soften Harriet's heart.

There seemed little of softness about her as she sat at the head of the dining-table, and still less when they all were together in the drawing-room afterward. She was flushed and strangely nervous, Mr. Royal thought, as she talked with him in a high, excited voice. Though she pointedly avoided her brother, her eyes furtively followed him as he restlessly paced the room. When she finally drew out the chess-board, challenging Mr. Royal to a game, he hesitated and glanced at Richard.

"Can we not play at something three-handed?" he suggested.

Wayland checked his walk good-naturedly.

"No," he said, "I will watch your game; that will do as well for me." So Royal seated himself at the chess-table which Harriet had arranged.

"Which color do you play with, Mr. Royal?" she asked.

"Say white, Royal," said Wayland, pausing near them. "Harriet always plays with black. They thought her too young to wear mourning when our parents died, so in all our games she compromised by choosing the black pieces to play with, and has kept it up ever since. I liked seeing her do it then and I do now."

Harriet perversely stretched out her hand toward the white chessmen.

"I shall go into colors to-night," she said. "Are you ready, Mr. Royal?"

As Richard turned and strode off toward the gun-room Mr. Royal swept the white chessmen from under Harriet's hands to his side of the board.

"That was as cross as it was unnecessary," he said, smiling, yet in evident earnest.

Harriet set the black men with a pouting resentment that ended in a laugh.

"I can't help it," she broke out. "He has treated me so cruelly. I have only my tongue as a defense."

"Use it with mercy," said Mr. Royal, quietly. "There should be 'Peace on earth' to-night. See, here he comes back again. Speak to him kindly, Miss Wayland."

Richard came striding across the floor toward them, his face on fire, his manner at its most tempestuous.

"Harriet," he cried, "this is too much! What have you done with the greens I brought in?"

Harriet rose and laid her hand on her brother's arm beseechingly.

"Richard," she said, gently, "Mr. Royal has been scolding me. He says I am cross. Forgive me to-night. You will not be sorry for it afterward. I was cross when I saw those greens in the gun-room. I had them all swept out. To me they mean 'Peace on earth,' or nothing—and it has not been peace with us, Richard."

Wayland drew his sister to him tenderly, kissing her brow.

"Ah, Hatty, if it could always be like this!"

"We will have it so to-night," she answered. "There shall be at least one loving evening to remember, whatever storms come after."

She turned to lay the chessmen back into their box. "Mr. Royal, what is your three-handed game?"

Mr. Royal helped her to close the chess-table.

"This is being like yourself," he whispered. "I know no three-handed game just now. Shall I tell you my dreams over the old pipe last night as forfeit, Wayland?"

His friend looked up at him quickly.

"You are not superstitious," he said. "I would not have smoked that pipe for all I inherit from my uncle, including this red head."

"I did more than that. Has this pipe been used since your uncle's death?"

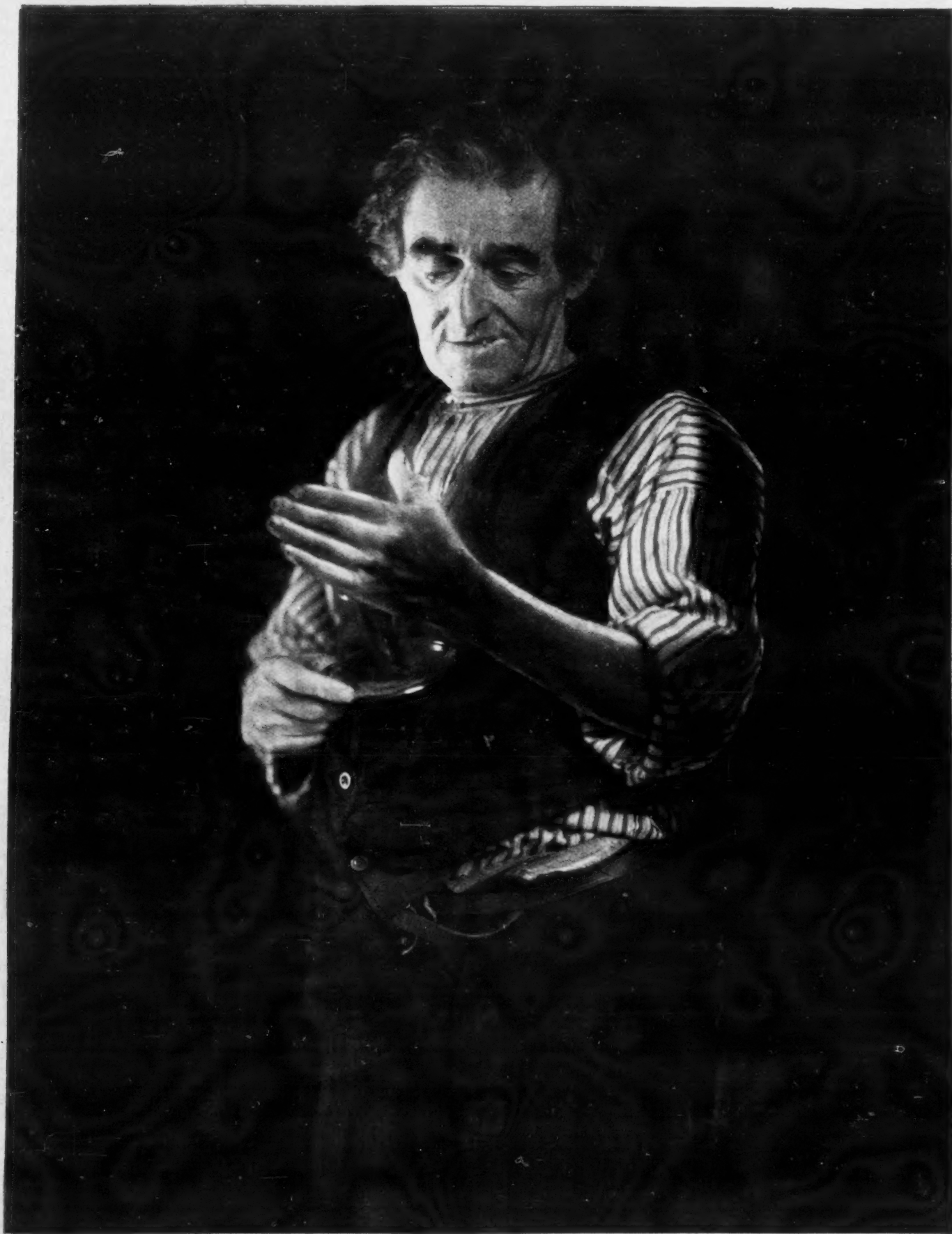
"No; it has lain there in the cabinet since it fell from his lips half smoked out."

"I thought so," said Mr. Royal, quietly. "I finished the smoke."

"You did what?"

"I found the pipe's bowl half full of the charred tobacco your uncle left there, and the devil entered into me and I lit it. I think it was perhaps the most pleasingly grewsome experience of my life. Cold chills ran up and down my back as I wondered what last thoughts, what regrets, what fear of death had been breathed through the charred tobacco before the stem fell from the lips that last held it. And then—"

(Continued on third following page.)



[From a copyright photograph by John E. Dumont, Rochester, New York.]

THE TOILER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

COME, little candle! shine against the void of night,
Defying all the gloom with thy one spark of light;
For now the day is done, and toil with comfort blest.
Thou, tiny wavering flame, shalt light me to my rest.

Cheer up, despairing heart! to-morrow may be bright.
Adversity is wide, yet have we faith to fight.
Like this brave candle, burn amidst life's darkness deep,
And, ere thy flickering fade, light me to my long sleep.

HENRY TYRRELL.



"I lie on the prairie and watch that bright star in the sky."

THE COWBOY'S VISION.

STROLLING into the museum of the General Post-Office at Washington not long ago, and gazing about at the odd collection of articles taken from letters in the Dead-letter Office, that cavernous receptacle of misdirected or miscarried postal missives, my eye fell upon the following verses, written upon a finger-worn sheet, in a collection of curiously-written letters and envelopes.

The verses attracted me by a certain broad, free beauty about them, and led me to inquire as to their source. The official in charge informed me that the sheet was the original manuscript taken from a letter written, presumably, by a cowboy on the plains to his distant friend or relative, and that the lines had attracted the attention of many visitors.

"But do you suppose they are genuine—that a cowboy actually could feel or write that way?"

"That was the question I put to a cowboy himself once," was the reply.

"Why! do cowboys come here?"

"Oh, yes, often; that is, those who have been out on the plains and the ranches. One, I remember well, who, when I expressed my doubt as to the verses being genuine, said very earnestly in reply: 'Oh, there's nothing strange in that. I've been there myself. Put a man out there on those prairies on a still night, with nothing but the stars above him, and no mortal soul within reach for miles and miles, and he feels nearer to God by a great deal than when living in towns among folks. If it were not for the verses I could have written that myself.'"

Whether written indeed by a cowboy under the circumstances here described, when alone with God and his own consciousness, or merely remembered and copied from some other source, the verses seem worthy of preservation, and a wider range of readers than even the Dead-letter Museum affords. I have ventured, in copying them, to make two slight alterations, viz.: substitute in the second line, for the metre's sake, the word "watch" for "look to," and in the first the word "lie" for "lay." These marks of illiteracy in the original would seem to be strong evidence of the genuineness of the authorship assigned.

FRANK SEWALL.

THE RIDERS OF JUDGMENT;

OR, THE COWBOY'S VISION.

[Copied from a manuscript entitled "The Cowboy's Vision," found in the Dead-letter Museum of the General Post-Office, Washington, D. C.]

I.

To-NIGHT as I lie on the prairie,
And watch that bright star in the sky,
I wonder if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet "By-and-by!"

II.

For the path to that bright mystic region
Is both narrow and dim, so they say,
And the broad one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

III.

I hear there will be a grand round-up
Where cowboys and others will stand,
To be cut by the Riders of Judgment,
Who are posted and know every brand.

IV.

Perhaps I will be a stray cowboy,
Unmarked and unbranded on high,
To be caught by the Riders of Judgment
And shipped to that sweet "By-and-by."

Folly in the Wilderness.

(Continued from third preceding page.)

"Then," repeated Harriet, leaning forward in her chair.

"Then, I regret to say, Miss Wayland, I only fell fast asleep before the fire in my easy-chair and let my pipe die out, just as your poor uncle did, only my sleep had an awakening. Wayland, I owe you an apology. It was you, the heir, who should have had my weird experience, but I find the pipe is still one-quarter full of tobacco, therefore it is not too late."

Richard's expression was fairly startled.

"How could you do such a careless thing, Royal? It is never safe to finish another man's smoke, aside from what you would call superstitions. Have you felt well to-day? You said you passed a broken night."

"No, I said I dreamed. I had a good night."

"Then you walked in your sleep," Harriet interrupted.

"If my maid had not told me that you had been placed in the room above me I should have been frightened out of my wits by your steps overhead. Every sound echoes in these old houses."

Mr. Royal expressed his contrition.

"Was I noisy? I thought I was rather quiet. I will draw off my boots at the threshold to-night. If I trouble you then, rap three times on the wall and I promise you utter stillness; though I think myself it was not I, but you and your brother whom you heard, for I plainly saw you both walking about my room. It may have been the fumes of that old pipe that brought you to my dreams, or perhaps it was only the large and unromantic dinner I ate. However, there you and Richard were, indulging in a genuine dream-chase up and down my floor. You masqueraded in a long, yellow silk gown, Miss Wayland, which I will confess I thought improperly short in front, and the heels on your slippers were the highest I ever saw. I also thought you had your hair dressed too high upon your head. As I look at the present arrangement, I know that I was right. For the costumes of both of you the pipe was surely responsible. Richard was attired in knee-breeches, if you can imagine it. He also wore silver buckles with ribbons and laces. He looked crosser than I have ever had the pleasure of seeing him, and his hair was, I think, a trifle redder. It was a very kindly planned surprise party. I was as grateful as the surprised usually are. But if you are coming again to-night, Miss Wayland, I beg that you will appear in your own clothing. It is far more becoming."

Harriet's eyes had been growing rounder and larger. She was grasping the arms of her chair, half rising as she spoke in a startled voice.

"Mr. Royal, it was not I you saw. It was not my brother. You slept in my aunt's room last night. It has not been used since she died. Richard, do you understand it?" She turned to her brother, and Mr. Royal, turning also, glanced with amazement from the sister to his friend. Wayland's face was strangely awed and troubled.

"My uncle," he said, gravely, "was called a strongly-marked type of the men of our family, both in temperament and face, as I am. Harriet has always been considered wonderfully like the pictures of her aunt."

Mr. Royal looked at his friend again, half amazed, half amused.

"Dick," he said, "it is not possible that you can take this seriously?"

"You regard such things too lightly, Royal. One may err as far in one way as the other."

Mr. Royal shook his head with a laugh.

"It is evident that I should have kept my absurd dream to myself. I will say no more about it; but has no one else seen anything? Am I alone honored?"

Wayland hesitated a moment.

"That wing has been closed for years," he answered. "Harriet, I wish you would come back to your old quarters to-night. Royal, I will have you moved also."

"You will do nothing of the sort," began Mr. Royal, but Harriet had already spoken with feverish haste.

"It can be nothing. I was only startled for the moment. Sleep well to-night, Mr. Royal, and see no more ghosts. I mean to leave you with Richard now."

She advanced to her brother, and kneeling by his chair, laid her cheek against his arm.

"Say 'I forgive you,'" she urged, winningly, as he smiled down at her.

"For which sin?" he asked.

"For all that I have committed, and for what I shall commit."

"I forgive you," he repeated. "But sleep near me in the left wing to-night, Hatty."

She shook her head and, lifting her face, returned his good-night kiss clingingly. Before he could urge her again she hurried away.

The room which Mr. Royal occupied in the right wing was on the second floor, and was reached by a long corridor leading out from the platform at the head of the great stairway; only this entrance to the wing had been unboarded, the lower entrance on the square hall remained closed. The bed-room windows having been opened, the freshness of the cold December air made doubly grateful the heat of a fire that crackled on the hearth, lighting the farther corners more brilliantly than the lamp burning on the dressing-table. As he opened his door late that Christmas Eve, the glowing logs seemed to Mr. Royal the only cheerful thing he had seen through the day in "Folly." Remembering his agreement with Harriet he paused to draw off his shoes, then crossing the floor softly, he blew out the lamp and flung himself into the great easy-chair which stood before the fire. By that fluttering light he looked about him with awakened interest at what he now knew to be the room of the first mistress of "Folly." Though the silk hangings were faded and stained by time, and the furniture unpolished, he could see that the apartment must have been dainty if not luxurious. The only heavy piece of wood in the room was a great recess window-seat of carved rosewood, as black as night. The mantel over the hearth was of the same wood, and as he looked at it, it seemed to Mr. Royal that from the ledge which the fire-light did not reach a small face with distorted features peeped down

through the darkness with a derisive grin. It was the old pipe. Mr. Royal lifted it from its resting-place, polishing the twisted carving with his fingers. In the changing light it seemed writhing in his hand.

"And Richard actually took it all seriously," he said, half aloud. "I think he believed this old tobacco raised the ghosts."

He thrust his finger into the pipe until it was stopped by the remains of the historic smoke, then with a laugh he lifted the bowl, looking with a kind of defiance at the black, beady eyes and full, grinning lips of the face.

"We will try it once more, you and I," he said. "We will smoke out what phantoms there be together."

Lifting the tongs he selected a splinter of lighted wood and thrust it into the pipe. The smell of burning tobacco filled the room. Mr. Royal settled himself more easily on his chair. Wreaths of white smoke rose in regular breaths above his head, the logs rolled a little apart on the hearth and the fire fell lower. It had been a long day, not without its strain; the white wreaths rose with less and less regularity in the darkened room, the ceased altogether. Mr. Royal was asleep before the dying fire, his pipe lying burned out on his knee.

It was no longer Christmas Eve when he fully awoke. Once in that time he had stirred for a moment, and looked with sleepy wonder toward the door where his shoes stood. The pipe also lay safely on his knee where it had dropped from his hand. Yet he believed that he had been roused by the pre-arranged signal of three raps from the room below. They sounded to him impatient, as Harriet's raps would sound if she were disturbed, but while he was trying to decide if he had again been dreaming his head fell heavily back on the chair.

Mr. Royal knew nothing more until he awoke suddenly and wholly, shivering before the smouldering hearth, with Christmas morning but a few hours old. The room was quite dark save for the low embers, and leaning forward he gathered together some of the bits of dry wood to lay in their midst, blowing on the coals until a bright blaze leaped up. Then he turned toward the room. That he was not now dreaming he believed, nor did he believe that Harriet Wayland was the woman whom he saw kneeling by the carved rosewood window-seat, her yellow gown trailing behind her. As he raised himself in his chair, it seemed to him that she flung back over her shoulder the startled look of a hunted creature. He could then distinguish her features clearly. Her broad brow, pointed chin, and dark eyes were confusingly like Harriet's. Mr. Royal sat motionless with surprise, watching the strange figure lift the lid of what he had thought a window-seat to look down into the chest beneath, furtively at first, with many backward glances, then forgetful of everything but what lay there before her. Though she appeared wholly unconscious of his presence, he shrank instinctively deeper into the shadow of his chair. When he looked out again she was still kneeling, but he saw two figures where there had been one by the side of the chest. The second, a man with bright red hair, was bending over the woman's shoulder. Mr. Royal forced himself to his feet and took a step forward. With his movement the pipe dropped from his knee to the hearth beneath, where it lay in pieces. In the same moment he saw the woman raise her head and the man behind her was looking full into her face, his own features distorted with passion. As he lifted a threatening hand it seemed to the startled watcher that the woman cowered before it with an upward look of awful terror, then, with a sudden movement, evading the blow, she clutched something from the chest and fled as for her life, closely pursued. Mr. Royal was but a step behind the flying figures when they rushed by him from the room. It was the blow of the closed door that stopped him. The sudden pain sobering him, he stood for a moment bewildered, gazing at the door. Then he slowly turned back to the hearth where the broken meerschaum lay. "Richard was right," he muttered, stirring the pieces with his foot. "The pipe was poisoned with nightmares and is well broken."

Almost as he spoke a piercing shriek rang in his ears and echoed through the house. It was a woman's voice that seemed to come from the stairway. Mr. Royal, tearing his door open, ran down the dark corridor.

Through the broad window at the head of the stairway the moonlight was flooding the platform in a great white square, and, falling down the wide steps, it showed Harriet clinging to the rail, her upturned face white and scared under her red hood. In the open window, one foot on the low sill, one on the balcony outside, Francis Bowen paused, his eyes fixed beyond the square of light on Wayland standing motionless in the shadow. In the lower hall the boarding of the right wing was down, lying on the floor. It was this tableau which Mr. Royal disturbed.

Francis Bowen dropped from the window to the platform. "I am not making a virtue of confessing what has been discovered, Mr. Wayland," he said; "you can see for yourselves that I meant to take Harriet from you. To-morrow she would have been my wife." It was not to Mr. Royal that he spoke, but it was on him that his eyes fastened defiantly.

Harriet ran up the stair, placing herself between her brother and her lover.

"It was my fault," she cried. "I sent for him and begged him to take me. I told him I needed his protection—that I was afraid to stay with you, Richard."

Wayland was heeding neither of them. He brushed them aside from his path as he crossed the moonlit platform to Royal's side. His voice was shaking, his hands as they caught his friend's were cold.

"Royal," he muttered, "did you see them, too? Did you hear—"

Mr. Royal laid his hand firmly across his friend's shoulders.

"Mr. Bowen," he called, "there can be no explanations now. Mr. Wayland is ill. The only thing you can do is to leave us and go as you came. On my honor you shall be fairly met if you will come again in the morning. Miss Wayland, go back to your room before the servants reach us. Call your maid and tell her anything you like but the truth. Persuade her, Mr. Bowen. I trust her to you, though you plainly would not trust me. Come, Richard; my room is the best place for us. Come."

Half dragging, half leading his friend down the corridor, Mr. Royal at last placed him in the easy-chair by the fire. In the next minute the lamp was lighted, and he was on his knees on the hearth, chafing the cold hands and pouring brandy

between the cold lips. Richard's eyes followed his every movement.

"Royal," he said, more strongly, "my uncle killed her. I saw him do it. He stabbed her with the knife, just here in the heart. Did you hear her awful scream?"

"Give me your other hand, Dick. It was Harriet who screamed when she saw you."

"It was not Harriet. I heard footsteps about the house and went out to see who it was. When I reached the platform they came rushing down the corridor. He killed her just as she touched the head of the stair in the square of moonlight, and as she fell, Bowen, or his double, sprang in through the window and caught her in his arms. Then I saw you and nothing else."

"It is absurd, Richard; your brain was fevered. It was Francis Bowen and Harriet that you first heard and saw. One side of your brain worked more quickly than the other. I have heard of that happening. Your imagination did the rest."

"Did I kill Harriet in imagination? Yet in another moment I might have done so. Has she gone with that man, Royal?"

Mr. Royal thrust his friend back in the chair from which he had half struggled to his feet.

"Harriet is safe," he said. "She is in her room with her maid, and Bowen has gone. You are ill, Richard. You must be quiet."

Richard Wayland laid his two hands on his friend's shoulder as he knelt before him.

"I am not ill, and you know it," he said, solemnly. "Tell me truly. What have you seen? For you have seen something also."

Mr. Royal looked steadily into his eyes.

"Yes," he replied, "I saw something. But what I dreamed to-night was as directly from the poison of that old pipe as was my dream of the night before. You were right about its danger. There must have been opium in the tobacco."

"What did you see?" Wayland repeated.

Mr. Royal hesitated.

"When I tell you, remember it was a dream only. This old house and the talk of its old inmates excited us both. I saw the same figures to-night, only more clearly. The woman was on her knees and looking down into that window-seat, which seemed to become a chest. The man stood behind her, looking down over her shoulder and threatening her. That was all."

"And killed her on the landing," added Wayland, quietly. "My aunt did not commit suicide, Royal, and that window-seat is a chest."

He dragged himself to his feet, grasping the arms of his chair. "I mean to look into it also," he said.

Mr. Royal followed his unsteady steps to the window.

"Come away, Richard," he implored. "It is all folly. You see the seat is solid. You cannot open it."

Wayland was passing his hand over the carving. "It should be here somewhere," he said, "if it is a secret spring. Ah, I thought so!"

The next moment he was lifting the top of the chest, and Mr. Royal was bending over it with him. The chest was filled with unimportant odds and ends of womanly possessions, all marking the fashions or fancies of past days. On the top of these lay a package of old yellowing letters and a gold-framed miniature. Richard lifted the miniature. The face was somewhat like that of Francis Bowen, and it was his name that was engraved on the back of the case, but the date beneath the name was as old as the letters. Wayland handed the picture over to Mr. Royal; his calmness had returned.

"This is the face of the man who leaped in at the window. I understand it all now. That miniature is of old Francis Bowen, my uncle's manager. He knew how my aunt died, and it was that which gave him his hold on my uncle through all the rest of his life. Do you now believe, Royal?"

"No," answered Royal. "It was a descendant of Francis Bowen who leaped in at the window to-night, and it was he you saw. Is it any more unnatural that he should resemble this miniature than that you and Miss Wayland should be like your ancestors? It is all coincidence; all excited fancy. The other night I hinted to you a secret misgiving that your bursts of fury had aroused in me. To-night, when you found those two together, I fear the suggestion took shape in your mind, but, thank heaven! it took shape only in a horrible picture before you!"

Wayland's face flushed passionately.

"Could you blame me for anger at the sight of what we prevented? I thought I could hide from you the name of the man my sister prefers above the man whose name she might have been proud to bear. Now that she has disgraced herself before you, and you know the whole, do you wonder, I ask, at my fury? The nephew of my uncle's manager—of the man who held over him a secret like this to gain his own ends?"

Mr. Royal looked at his friend in amazement.

"Richard, are you beside yourself? What evidence have you? You build this castle on the point of a needle and accuse a man whose pictured face is certainly open and gentle of conniving at a murder you have seen in a dream."

"In dreams, if you choose to call them so. But this is not the first of them. You asked me last night if I had seen anything strange here, and I evaded answering you. Now I want you to know that not two hours before you spoke I had learned that there was something more than strange. You remember you entered the gun-room first and passed through to the dining-room on your way up-stairs, while I stopped to let in the dog and pile the greens we brought. As I turned from closing the glass door my dog wheeled back whining and shivering and pressing against the glass until it broke. I saw him racing across the lawn, looking back as if avoiding something behind him. When I looked into the room again I saw what he had seen. The man you described but a little later was standing with his back toward me, taking down a hunting-knife from the wall. His hair was, as you said, redder than mine, and as he turned I saw his face. I was glad to hear you say it was more disfigured by passions than my own. He took the knife and went into the dining-room, where I followed him to find no one there. Royal, I pledge you my word, the knife was the one I saw enter my aunt's heart. I can show you the rusty nails in the wall of the armory where it hung and from which I saw my uncle take it."

Mr. Royal laughed impatiently.

"If you can give me no better evidence than from overheated brains and rusty nails, Richard, I must still doubt your ancestral traditions. There are letters in the chest also. Let us look at them for something tangible."

Richard took up one of the letters and unfolding it, first spelled it over. It was no worse in its writing and spelling than would have been that of many a gentleman of the age in which it was written, but the name at the end was Francis Bowen. Richard's face flushed deeply as he read.

"It is a love-letter," he exclaimed, "and to my aunt. Royal, is it possible?"

Mr. Royal read over the lines to which Richard's tremulous finger pointed.

"He urges her to patience, to soft replies to her brother, yet he will come to protect her from him; will take her away at a word if she fears to stay with him! Does history repeat itself?"

Richard caught the letters together, crushing them in his hands. He flung them into the grate, where the old paper burned to ashes in a moment.

"It shall not," he cried. "God help me, it shall not! This curse shall be ended here."

He flung down the lid of the chest and turned to his friend with both trembling hands outstretched.

"Royal," he said, "you have loved her; save her from me. Am I to fulfill it all?"

Mr. Royal's answer was to lead his friend to the bed and force him to lie silently there while he sat beside him, his hand resting gently on the heated brow until the eyelids, dropping over the strained eyes, and the regular breathing told of exhausted sleep. Then Mr. Royal rose, and opening the window softly, stood looking across the lawn and beyond the wilderness toward the coming Christmas Day, now presaged by faint lines of color in the east.

All night long the wind had been rising, first sighing softly among the pines, then blowing their swaying heads like corn in a gale. The low branches of the trees on the lawn before "Folly" had been swept back and forth until, when the winter sun came up cold and red, they had dug dry graves in the

earth at their roots, as if for the burial of their own twigs that had been snapped off in the night. Though the sun shone out bravely between the drifting clouds carded in long strands across the sky, the wind still roared sullenly. It had been able to do but little damage; everything had bent before it, rising again after it passed—everything but the old holly-tree outside the windows of "Folly." That stood shaking its red-crowned head as erect and obstinate as the owners of "Folly" had ever held theirs.

"If you won't bend you will break," thought Mr. Royal, musingly watching the battle between the wind and the tree. Yet he was not prepared for it when the wind conquered suddenly, catching the old tree as in a giant's hands and flinging it to the earth. The sound of the reading wood with the splintering glass, as the holly-tree snapped off at its age-worn roof, crashing into the dining-room window, woke Wayland from his sleep and brought him to his feet with a spring. Mr. Royal followed his hurrying feet down the stairway to the dining-room door, where Wayland, white and shaken, paused as if fearful of what might await him within. His face cleared as he saw the holly-tree lying half in at the window.

"It is only the wind," he said, turning to Mr. Royal: "and surely not an ill omen when it blows a Christmas-tree into an ungarished house. Were you so startled, Hatty?"

He turned to his sister, who at that moment entered the door behind them. She, too, was shaken and trembling, yet she drew back with added fears in her eyes as Wayland would have thrown his arm reassuringly about her. Her brother's face flushed. He opened his lips to speak, drawing a step nearer to her, then, turning back, he first broke off a spray of the holly with its glossy leaves and bright berries. As he held the green branch toward his sister he was smiling, and his face and voice were exquisitely gentle. The early sunlight flooding in at the broken window fell on his tall figure, lighting up his bright hair and his shining eyes.

"Harriet," he said, "you may dress the house now. It is peace on earth between us, and—I have thought it over, dear—it shall be my good will toward the man you have chosen. This is my Christmas gift to you."

slapping himself on his own shoulder: "a little old, maybe, but good. I think I'll do it. She deserves it, every bit of it, and a good deal more;" and he took up a little pair of mittens, very cute and very pretty in their blue ribbons and their scallops.

"I'll send them, and I'll write something like this—by Jove, I will!—With the Christmas thoughts of a friend who believes in returning two for one." He laughed softly to himself and declared: "That's good! It's almost too good for her. I wonder where that clerk is."

He looked around in helpless disappointment and indecision. No clerk was within call. All were busy in other sections of the store. It seemed to him that they avoided him as if he had the small-pox. He became very tired. Then, when the surging crowd began to move toward where he was standing, he stepped aside and almost fell into a chair that had been shoved back in a dark corner. Tom was a man who believed in making use of opportunities, and he sat down.

"It's just like an ambush," he thought again. "I'll stay here and waylay the first clerk that comes along, and cling to her with hooks of steel and the tenacity of Marcus Aurelius." ("Marcus Aurelius" was a bull-pup.)

Tom easily fell into a brown study of Miss Emily Parkes. It was she to whom he intended to send the present. His last visit to her had been a climax in his young life, and the result of it can be inferred from his personal allusion to it as an Arctic expedition which had permanently frosted his tropical affections. He had loved her long and well; he had paid her many attentions; he had gradually acquired convictions that the necessary impression existed for a prompt and successful verdict. Socially, there was every reason why their marriage would be acceptable and popular. He was a handsome man, full six feet tall, erect, self-poised, and graceful. Men liked him; women admired him. To esteem and admiration Miss Emily Parkes should in all conscience have added love. But when Tom told the story with a fervor beyond the wildest promises of his numerous private rehearsals she laughed and said:

"Really, I'm so much interested in our Cheerful Society at the church that I haven't time to think of such a thing."

Tom rose to his feet as well as to the occasion, and his response was characteristic.

"I'm glad you laughed," he said. "I was afraid you would pity me."

After he got out of the house, and was walking down the street, he suddenly broke out all to himself, "Ha, ha!" as empty as the tones of a stage detective, who thinks he is discovering something; and then he added, "It is funny, isn't it?"

But all that was ten days before, and at this particular moment Tom was still in his ambush. It wasn't much of a success. The enemy—that is the clerks—did not come his way. He had begun to get very lonesome indeed, when a singular incident claimed his attention. A woman in shabby-genteel attire and with a face as worn and as eloquent of poverty as her clothes, paused near him and counted the coins in her hand. She counted again and then two tears started down her cheeks.

"It's no use, it's no use," she said.

Tom was touched. Poor woman! Who was she? What did she want? How much did she lack? He looked upward from the place where he sat concealed, and saw a countenance that fascinated him most peculiarly. It was one of those faces that haunt men and make them do strange things. It was a reminiscence of past glory, with some of its force yet unspent by sorrow. She seemed really weak. She shook the coins as if in a prayer that they might be increased, and then a dizziness came. She swayed, but before she could fall Tom caught her and lowered her gently into the chair. Her eyes closed in utter

weariness. He thought he had fainted, but she had not. He was about to run for water, when she looked up and said, with a bravely forced smile:

"I thank you, sir. I was dizzy. I have not been well. I will go now."

"Oh, no, you won't," he said, with a certain force of command; "you must rest. Stay here a moment," and then, asking a clerk who had come up to follow him, he demanded, "Do you know what she wants?"

"I know she has been looking at a lot of things and pricing them all, and hasn't bought a cent's worth. She made me tired. But then, I guess she's poor."

"Well, now, miss, I know you're tired—must be an awful strain in here—but I want you to go around and collect everything she seemed to want, put them in a bundle and bring them to me. I've been trying to get something for myself for about a month, and now I'll try for somebody else. I believe you clerks are so angelic and so shy that as soon as you see a man you put out your wings and fly away. Never mind, don't get mad, but for heaven's sake find these things and let me reach home before New Year's!"

Tom returned to the chair, and with the same assumption of authority told the lady in black that she must not think of stirring until she was better rested. He got her a glass of water, which she gratefully received and very much needed. In the few moments of silence and waiting he began to feel like a man who had entered upon an adventure which would unfold itself with interest and satisfaction. It was not a very large bundle that the clerk brought back, and the charge was surprisingly small.

"Please get me the little pair of mittens with blue ribbons that I saw over there," he said.

"They're in the package," she replied.

"Oh, are they?" he exclaimed, with a certain astonishment, that intensified his desire to know what particular complication was to follow. In his doubt as to what this would be he turned to the lady and said: "You are not as strong as you think you are, and if you will take my arm I will see you through the crowd to your car."

She arose as energetically as she could, but it was evident that she was making a painful effort. He, being broad and big and tall and strong, easily made a way for her, and escorted her safely to the open air, but they had scarcely reached the street when her dizziness returned and he had to save her from a second fall.

"You are much weaker than you thought, my dear madam," he said, and he looked around for some sort of vehicle. A friendly policeman, passing by, called a cab, and she allowed Tom to help her into it without pressing the faint objection that she did not want to trouble the gentleman. He sat opposite and was quiet. She seemed to be revived by the cool air and the motion of the vehicle, and was the first to speak.

"I am very sorry, sir, to have caused you all this trouble," she said. "I had no idea that I was so weak. I should not have gone out."

"That's all right," he said. "It's no trouble at all. I wanted to come."

She looked at him as if his words had made her uneasy.

"Do you like honest speech?" he asked. "Do you think it is best to be honest?"

"It is always best to be honest," she replied.

"I don't know about that, especially in speech, but I think it best to be honest on this occasion. The fact of the matter is that I was in the store to get some things for the juveniles, and I was very emphatically not succeeding and had taken a chair to waylay a clerk, when—" and he told her what he had seen and what he had done. "It was presumption, I know, but you must not object. Everything goes at Christmas time. All of us are liable to strike hard luck, and hard luck has a way of piling its misfortunes in a heap. I've had hard luck myself. This, it should be explained, was true, but it was not financial."

"You are very kind," she said; "but I really do not see how I can take these things. It would not be right."

"Then give them to the children. You have children, haven't you?"

"Yes; a little boy and a little girl."

"I thought that, and if it was just you yourself it wouldn't make much difference, would it? Christmas wouldn't bother you?"

He could see by the light from the street lamps that the big tears were threatening to come back into the deep brown eyes.

"Of course that's it. Well, these things will make the children happy, and they will make you happy, and the effect upon me will be too huge to think about. I shall feel like a consecrated Kriss Kringle the rest of the week."

Swiftly went the cab along the busy streets, and before long it turned into a by-way that had known the tales of poverty since the glorious old days when it was one of the great streets of the city. Many of its present residents were like its own history, with all the contrasts of a happy past and a sad and cheerless present. Artists sometimes came down into the squares and sketched the decay and called it picturesque, but they did not and could not portray any of the wrecks of lives that had at one time seen fairer days and sailed on smoother seas.

"This is where I live, sir," she said; and then she added, as if with some of a pride that had been long dormant, "I make no apology."

"None is necessary," he replied, quickly. "If you will allow me I will escort you to your room. You might fall as you go up the steps."

He had the package and they made good progress up the stairs, which were none too solid and none too safe. When they reached the door he gave her the package—"For the children, you know," and he expected to retrace his steps to the street, when a voice he knew only too well exclaimed in unfettered astonishment:

"Why, Tom—I mean, Mr. Russell!"

"Why, Emily—I mean, Miss Parkes—what the mischief—wh-wh-a-t are you doing here?"

"I am here," she said with sudden calmness, "as the representative of the Cheerful Society of our church."

"I was ill in the store," said the lady, who was resting on the chair, "and this gentleman very kindly brought me home."

THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHANS.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

IT was Christmas Eve. The store was swarming and buzzing like a bee-hive. All the restless energy of the city seemed concentrated in that one place. All the hours of the day, all the days of more than two weeks had poured their steady demands upon the rows of toys and dolls and curious things that crowded the shelves and tables and stands and show-cases, and yet thousands of articles, apparently encompassing every possible need of the youth of the world, were left for the throng who fretted and pushed and complained and wondered why in the universe a store pretending to be complete did not carry a larger assortment and a fresher stock. All the things they wanted were gone; all they didn't want were there, and, guilty of a procrastination which they knew and inwardly acknowledged, they took out their revenge as usual upon the poor clerks, who were alive only in the hope of living beyond the turbulence of the night into the peaceful calm of Christmas morning.

From the street Tom Russell saw the fray, and paused like a soldier on the threshold of a desperate undertaking. He was a man, and men are cowards in the face of a shopping crowd as they are cowards nowhere else on earth. But he confronted duty with undaunted heroism, and plunged amid the feverish mass with all the zeal of a belated memory striving to regain lost time.

Once projected into the general swarm he began the hopeless, task of finding some one to tell him just what he wanted for the little gods and goddesses at home. He got hold of a clerk only to lose her, and then he plucked up his courage and pushed along by the counters, intently seeking gifts unlike anything his brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces possessed. Of course this was foolish, because the children of his family and his brother's family had everything that money could buy, and there is a limit to the powers of wealth even in toys.

"I had no business putting it off so late," he said to himself, "and I'm sorry I did it; but I suppose I must do the best I can. What a nuisance it all is! Look at the waste of energy in this place. They're striving and fretting and making themselves miserable, all for a lot of things that the little rascals will throw away within a week."

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" asked one of the young women, in a polite but tired way, as if she had not had sleep for a week.

"I should say you could. Just get me as quickly as you possibly can some things for four boys and three girls, ages from two to ten, dispositions various and preferences unknown—anything except steam-engines or toy pianos or blocks or books or banks or mechanical toys or games or rubber contrivances—they've got all those. Anything, you know, that's new. Nothing old, you know. Now, I'm sure you understand what I mean."

She looked at him in a wild sort of a way and replied:

"All right, sir. I'll see."

Tom waited. He waited some more. He kept on waiting, and finally, with a laugh to himself, he remarked: "She must have gone blind." At any rate, she never returned. He accepted the situation and attempted to take the dilemma by the horns. He therefore concentrated his own powers of selection upon the bewildering assortments around him. Presently he came to the table where worsted things were displayed, and it was while tumbling them up and turning them over with that careless grace which is the despair of women and of heaven's first law, that another idea struck him so hard that all recollection of the boys and girls, ages from two to ten, etc., was forgotten.

"It would be a good joke!" he exclaimed, metaphorically



THE CHRISTMAS SLIDE.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

SECRETS OF THE STAGE.

WHO SHOT LILLIAN LEWIS?

CIGARETTE-SMOKING ACTRESSES AND HOW THEY BECOME WRECKED BY NICOTINE.—FROM LUXURY TO DESTITUTION.—HOW NO-TO-BAC SAVED A SOUBRETTE.

GR EAT interest was excited a few days ago in newspaper and theatrical circles, when the news was flashed over the continent that Lillian Lewis, the world-wide famous actress and professional beauty, had been shot at Springfield, Illinois. No clew could be gained as to who the assassin was, and the actress herself would say nothing.

One thing only pointed toward an apparent solution. An empty "Opera Puff" cigarette-box was found near where Miss Lewis had fallen. It is not impossible that another and more startling hypothesis is true, namely, that Mademoiselle Lillian was alone when the shot was fired. Be that as it may, all is conjecture, for the matter was promptly suppressed. It is known, however, that many actresses are inveterate smokers of cigarettes. And they enjoy it—for a time. The curling smoke of the fragrant Turkish or Greek roll is very nice as it drifts over rosy arms and fluffy laces, but, in time, the villainous tobacco has its innings, and the clear features become yellow, while the full cheeks become pinched. The rosy arms grow skinny, and the dainty laces smell of nicotine. Then comes the manager. Some day his glance falls on the now faded creature who, by the lavish use of paint, tries to keep her erstwhile beauty, sees the gaunt phantom of the former beauty underneath and decides that she must go.

Where?

Perhaps to the actors' home, perhaps to the street. Many such float along the pavement after dark, staring up at the electric lamps and shivering with cold. A representative of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, while visiting the White City, met one who startled him. She was a beautiful, well-preserved woman. The last time he had seen her she was one of those wretched creatures ruined by cigarettes, and wandering about the streets of New York. Going up to the elegantly-dressed lady, who was taking in Midway, he said:

"I scarcely expected to see you—thus—mademoiselle."

She who was addressed laughed lightly and said:

"I've taken No-To-Bac."

"And, pray tell me, what is No-To-Bac?"

"Here's some," she said, holding out a couple of brown tablets, and slipping another into her mouth. LESLIE'S man tried one of the tablets and found it very agreeable.

"No-To-Bac is a cure for the tobacco habit in any form," said the lady. "When I came here from New York I was truly a pitiable object, but a little soubrette whom I had known in New York as a cigarette smoker, and had more than once assisted, came to my aid. I was surprised at the way she kept

up, and said so. She told me that No-To-Bac did it. Then she got me three boxes, guaranteed to cure, and I used them. From the first tablet I felt a benefit and smoked no more. My nerves were shattered and I had no control over myself whatever. The skin hung from my cheeks. No-To-Bac increased my weight, steadied my nerves, and strengthened me in every way. I got an engagement to play in Chicago, and, as you see, am getting all right again."

"Who makes No-To-Bac?" queried LESLIE'S correspondent.

"It's made by the Sterling Remedy Co., 45 Randolph Street. Mr. A. L. Thomas is the president of the company. He's of Lord & Thomas. You know Lord & Thomas, don't you?"

"Yes. The famous advertising agency. Hand with a torch enlightening the world. Advertise Judiciously."

"Exactly. Mr. H. L. Kramer is the general manager. He knows No-To-Bac from the beginning. In fact, he brought it out."

"Thanks. I'll go and see him. Good-bye and congratulations."

An hour later he was down town walking briskly toward 45 Randolph Street. Arrived there, he stepped into the elevator and was swiftly carried to the Lord & Thomas floor.

"Who do you wish to see, sir?" inquired the doorman.

"Mr. H. L. Kramer. He's the No-To-Bac man, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir," answered the youth, with a smile. "You'll find Mr. Kramer in that office," indicating a door on the correspondent's left. Rat-tat-tat, and a hearty "Come in," from the occupant. The man from the ILLUSTRATED removed his glittering silk tie and entered the presence of a man rather under middle age, who bore in his face the indications of phenomenal vitality and energy. A strong face, full of determination and confidence in self. A face sunny with a welcoming smile.

"This is Mr. Kramer, I believe?" queried the writer.

"That is my name. Take a seat, sir. Ah!" as he glanced at the dainty bit of engraved cardboard extended to him.

"You are from LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED. Glad to meet you."

"My visit is one of curiosity, Mr. Kramer. Having seen the beneficial effects of No-To-Bac on some of my acquaintances, I have ventured to ask an interview with you. If No-To-Bac proves to be as good as it appears I will write something for the ILLUSTRATED about it. Now, I have two cigars in my pocket. One I offer you. Ah! You don't smoke. The other I place in my mouth, and, with your permission, light. Smoking is doing me an injury, I know, but it is pleasant, and

"Like many of the poor—sewing. Her voice is gone and she has to support the children in some way."

Miss Parkes did not volunteer further information. The carriage rattled on. The streets were emptying their currents of men and women and bundles and packages into all sorts of by-ways and houses, and the great tide of Christmas Eve was ebbing away. Presently Tom spoke.

"Emily—I mean Miss Parkes—I've an idea. I know lots of fellows who would be glad to contribute a few dollars for a real needy family, and I would like to do something of that sort myself. Now my proposition is that I'll take this family off your hands and see that they are made comfortable."

"You'll do what?" exclaimed the young lady almost with horror.

"I'll take the widow and orphans off your hands," he repeated, calmly.

She sank back as if struck by something a great deal more solid than one of Tom's ideas. "It's impossible—utterly impossible," she said, speaking with very unusual excitement.

"Why, Tom Russell, don't you know—I mean, Mr. Russell—don't you know that our society had the hardest kind of a time getting this family? We just had to beg her to let us cheer her occasionally. The old married people of the church are just as selfish as they can be, and they've simply monopolized all the orphans and invalids and cripples, and every sort of thing that will allow charity to be practiced on them, so when we got up the Cheerful Society we could do nothing but hold meetings and collect assessments. At last I went to Dr. Bell and begged—absolutely begged him—to give our society the first chance at the next case that came to him. That's how we got the widow and the two orphans. We've been at work on them nearly three months, and now you—*you*, want to take them away from us. Why, man, you would break up our society, and you *couldn't* do such a thing as that!"

"Oh, yes, I could," he replied, calmly. "But I needn't do it. It seems to me that your society is being overworked, and that you need assistance. How would you like an auxiliary?"

"That's nonsense," said Miss Parkes, frigidly.

"Well, at any rate, I'm going to take a personal interest in the widow and the orphans. She's very attractive, don't you think?" There was no reply.

"I say she's attractive—in fact, charming. Did you notice how beautifully sad her eyes were? And her children!—so well behaved. A very interesting family, and I think your society was extremely fortunate in getting hold of them. By the way, how do you cheer her up?"

Miss Emily was not disposed to talk, but the honor of the society was at stake. "We show our interest in them; we visit them, we sometimes carry things, we sometimes take the children driving."

"Excellent, excellent—I have another idea. You won't accept me—I mean your society won't accept me—as an auxiliary, but why not employ me to drum up some more families for you? You really need them, especially as I expect to divide this one with you."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, I do; and I flatter myself that I have made a good

I won't quit unless it becomes repulsive to me. Now will No-To-Bac make a cigar a source of disgust instead of comfort?"

"No, sir."

"Eh? I thought you had a cure for the tobacco habit."

"I have; but neither it nor any other remedy will compel a man to quit smoking. If you want to quit and can't quit, No-To-Bac will cure you. No-To-Bac destroys the nerve-craving effects induced by the use of tobacco, makes your condition normal—consequently you have no diseased desires to appease."

"But if I take No-To-Bac how will I know that I'll get the value of my money?"

"How much faith have you got in the financial responsibility of the Sterling Remedy Co.? You know the men who are back of No-To-Bac. How much do you think we are good for?"

"A quarter of a million, anyway."

"Well, we say this: Buy three boxes of No-To-Bac—they'll cost you \$2.50—and use them. And if No-To-Bac doesn't cure you we'll return your money. That makes a long story short."

"Yes. That's a square offer."

"We make that guarantee with every three boxes of No-To-Bac. All our officials are men of business prominence, and we could not afford to allow our names used in connection with a quack remedy. No-To-Bac is the best remedy for the tobacco disease that chemical and medical science united have ever been able to produce, and we make ourselves directly responsible. We don't say it will cure every case, but when it fails we refund the cost. Kirkland & Trowbridge, a big drug firm in Oakland, California, sold 5,000 boxes of No-To-Bac under our guarantee last year, and have never been called on to refund the money for a single failure. You can judge from that what a small per cent. of failures we have."

"I will try No-To-Bac. Give me three boxes, please," said the man from the ILLUSTRATED, producing a five.

"I prefer that you get it from a druggist—564 Chicago druggists sell No-To-Bac. But stay. I'll send an office boy for it. Here's one of our little books that may interest you. We mail a million a month all over the world. It tells all about No-To-Bac. Yes, we mail the books free for the asking."

The pamphlet was entitled: "Don't Tobacco-Spit and Smoke Your Life Away."

"Jove!" exclaimed the correspondent. "That brings the danger of tobacco-using right home to one."

And the No-To-Bac man smiled assent. A few moments later the office boy came back on a run with the No-To-Bac. LESLIE'S man opened one of the neat, enameled boxes and slipped a tablet in his mouth.

"And you have 100,000 recorded cures?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Kramer.

"What an army of men that would be! They would make a great city all by themselves. Ah, little tablets!" said the correspondent, apostrophizing one of the polished brown lozenges, "you have and will exert a great influence on the destiny of the world."

Miss Parkes received the information without replying. Instead of that she explained as rapidly as she could that she was very sorry she was so late, but that there had been so much to do that she could not get around earlier. She had brought some pictures and books to the children, and she hoped they would like them and have a very pleasant Christmas. Tom turned to the children, and with that quick intuition that had survived his boyhood days he discovered that the little tots really wanted something more digestible than holiday literature.

"If you will excuse me," he said to the lady in black, "I will see about my cab and will return in about a half-hour."

As he bounded down the steps he said to himself that he was a strategist. He was getting something for the half-starved tots and he was giving Miss Emily Parkes an abundant opportunity to leave without the necessity of asking him to go with her in the carriage. The truth, however, was that he took a great deal less than a half-hour, and he felt a thrill of satisfaction when he saw that the young lady had not gone. She was busy showing the children the pictures and telling them of the things on the colored Christmas-trees, while their little stomachs were aching for even a bite of one of the apples or wads of candy represented by the blotches of red paint. The Cheerful Society's representative was doing famously and was undoubtedly interesting the little ones, but somehow when Tom came in and spread the table full of candies and nuts and apples and such things, they suddenly lost all interest in pictures, and the Cheerful Society's moral literature was as totally forgotten as if it had been left at home. It was a very busy and a very happy half-hour that they had there. Miss Parkes, with the dignity of the society at heart, at first resented the indifference toward its literature, but she could not withstand the attractions of the children's happiness, and so she soon became as enthusiastic as Tom himself, and the best Christmas Eve of the whole city was right there in that room. When it came time to say good-night some of the frigidities was resumed between the two visitors, but Tom was now determined to accept her invitation if she extended it to him. He had given her a chance and she had not taken advantage of it. His conscience was clear, and he wanted a comfortable ride home in the Parkes carriage.

He was not disappointed. After they left the street and got upon the smooth avenue the silence which had been rigidly preserved was broken.

"Who are our friends?" asked Tom.

"I don't know much about them," she replied. "Our society has only had them two weeks. She is Mrs. McKnultie, and those are her children. Her husband was Orlando McKnultie, and I believe he was known on the stage as Signor Orlando, while she went by the name of Zella Whipples."

"What! not Zella, of the stage?"

Miss Parkes was evidently not very comfortable. "Yes," she replied, "I believe she was on the stage, but she abandoned it after they were married, and she has not acted since. Her husband had saved some money, but after his death it was badly invested, and she lost everything, and now she is very poor but as proud as she can be."

"I like pride," said Tom. "It's a good virtue. It shows strength of character. But how does she live?"

impression to begin with. Moreover, when a man has been cruelly disappointed by some one from whom he expected more merciful treatment, he has a right to take his revenge in any way he wishes. I am going to take mine in philanthropy—or something more desperate."

The streets now were handsome. The crowds were less dense, less active, and less burdened. The rich undoubtedly had the luxury, but Christmas Eve did not seem Christmas Eve along those wealthy streets. A turn of the horses brought the carriage in front of a palatial home. Tom smiled grimly as he helped her out and thanked her for the drive, refusing her offer to send him on home. They said good-night and she reached the door, while he paused and waited for her to enter. She saw her chance for a parting shot, and sent back to him these words: "Why don't you go down to-morrow and propose to the widow?"

He looked back quite stolidly and answered: "Good idea! I think I shall."

Christmas morning Tom was obliged to meet the onslaughts of the allied powers by cash indemnities. He had positively forgotten the children, but they did not forget him. In true Wild-West style they held him up at the breakfast-table, and made him pay well for his neglect. When he escaped he started on a walk down-town. It was cold and clear and delightful. As he was passing a side street that led into the main thoroughfare a slender, active young man almost ran against him.

"Hello, Russell! Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. And you?"

"The same. No, I'm going down to Blankwell Street. Going to make some Christmas sketches. Next Christmas sketches." They walked on together. "The old street is tumbling. It has reached the point of decay where patches won't do, and before the old rat-traps are razed I want to jot down a few lines for future use."

"If you don't mind, I'll go with you," said Russell.

It was talked about a great deal afterward—how two young men were sauntering through the streets, how flames were seen coming from upper windows, how shrill cries for help filled the crisp air of the Christmas morning, how a young man rushed up the steps and—well, the rest is in the picture that hangs on the south wall of the gallery—all except the portrait of the hero, which has been altered by the hero's request.

They, weeks afterward, looking very contented and comfortable together, wandered into the gallery and sat on the sofa opposite the painting.

"By the way, what has become of the widow and the orphans?" he asked.

"The Cheerful Society is still looking out for them," she replied.

"Why did you resign from the society after our engagement was announced? You never told me the reason."

"Well, my dear, I sacrificed myself to save the society from going to pieces, and I thought that my duty was done."

"Of course that's why you're going to marry me."

"Of course."

"Noble woman!"



"You may drive a horse (?) to water, but you can't make him drink."

Don't Injure Your Face With a Poor Razor.

You cannot afford to do it.

Every gentleman enjoys, and should enjoy, the luxury of a fine razor.

The cost between a cheap razor and the elegant **Electric** is too trifling to be considered in such an important article of the toilet.



Design Patented, August 25th, 1891.

There is no cheap foreign or domestic razor can compare with it. We guarantee every blade.

They are the best that can be produced in the world. Every first-class hardware dealer in America carries them in stock.

Insist upon this brand, and take no other.

FACTORY,
Newark, N. J.

THE ELECTRIC CUTLERY CO.,
N. Y. Office, 111 Chambers Street.



FOR TORPID LIVER.



FOR SICK HEADACHE.



A FALSE ALARM.

THE OLD MAN (to daughter's lover)—"Young man, do you smoke cigarettes?"
THE LOVER (apologetically)—"Yes, sir; but"—
THE OLD MAN—"Well, give me one."

The Tiffany "Blue Book."

(NOW READY.)

In announcing the publication of the '94 edition of their "BLUE BOOK," Messrs. TIFFANY & Co. invite a careful examination of the attractive prices and large assortment offered this season of **inexpensive** objects in new designs—Jewelry, Fancy Goods, and Imported Novelties, suitable for HOLIDAY GIFTS.

The depreciation of silver has also enabled them to make a general reduction in prices throughout their entire stock of silverware.

"BLUE BOOK" sent upon request, without charge.

TIFFANY & CO.,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Glimpses

....of the

World's Fair....

A Triumph of the Photographer's Art. A gem of the Printer's skill. Unique, original. A lasting Souvenir of all ages. Printed in superb style on the finest quality of cream enameled paper.
Don't fail to secure a copy for it will prove a never ending fund of interest, amusement and instruction.



A Selection of GEMS OF THE WHITE CITY

Seen Through a Camera

All Main Buildings
All State and Territorial Buildings
All Foreign Buildings... Grounds... Statuary... Lagoons
Also Characteristic Scenes from

THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE

Most of the pictures contained in this book are reproductions of **INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS** ("SNAP SHOTS"), showing the crowds passing to and fro, and the ever-present life and bustle incident to the Great Fair.

PRICES:—Bound in paper, inclosed in handsome envelope ready for mailing, 50c.
Beautifully bound in cloth, gold embossed, in a neat box, \$1.00.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. Sent postpaid by mail to any address on receipt of price.
BONANZA FOR AGENTS. We offer the greatest inducements to any one desirous of making money rapidly.

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 263 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

WORLD'S FAIR SENSATION

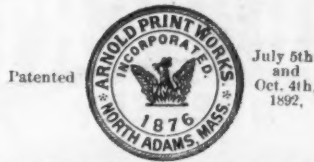
A Thrilling Romance from Real Life at the Great Exposition
Century Edition....200,000 Sold in THREE MONTHS

"The Adventures of UNCLE JEREMIAH and Family at the Great Fair"

Agents Wanted Everywhere....Prices: Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 50 Cents
LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 263 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



THIS TRADE MARK,



Patented July 5th and Oct. 4th, 1892.
Is stamped on the cloth next to each object.

A PATENT JOINTED DOLL.

In addition to the TABBY CAT AND KITTENS, which we are still making, we are bringing out something new for the little ones this year. These illustrations will show you what they are; so perfectly made that you would think they were alive. They are printed on cloth, life size, in colors, with directions for cutting out, sewing together and stuffing with cotton, using a piece of pasteboard to make them flat at the bottom. Any child that can sew can do it. For sale by your dry goods dealer. If he does not have them show him this advertisement and ask him to get you some. Do NOT SEND TO US AS WE HAVE NONE AT RETAIL.

Arnold Print Works, North Adams, Massachusetts.

Santa Claus

Souvenir Spoons



SOLID SILVER.

Price, \$1.25 each; \$15.00 per dozen.

For sale by all the better class of Jewelers.

GORHAM MFG. CO., Silversmiths, Broadway and 19th St., N. Y.

Merry Christmas AND Happy New Year FOR THE MILLIONS!

A Beautiful Wreath of Holly and Mistletoe on Cloth, that can be Tacked on the Wall.

EVER GREEN, NO FADING OR DROPPING OFF OF LEAVES, MAKING A UNIQUE AND ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS DECORATION.

THREE STYLES

"Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," "Christmas and New Year's Greeting."

For Household, Church, and Sunday-School decoration they are unequalled.



The price brings them within the reach of every one.

The Cut gives an idea and general form of Design, the size being 15 x 30 inches.

For sale by all retail dry-goods and toy dealers at 10 cents each. If your local dealer does not keep them, show him this advertisement and ask him to get you some from wholesale dry-goods jobbers.

WINDSOR CO., North Adams, Mass.

DO NOT SEND TO US, AS WE HAVE NONE AT RETAIL.

Sackett & Wilhelms Lithographing Co.

110 FIFTH AVE., COR. 16TH ST., NEW YORK.
(JUDGE BUILDING.)

FINEST CLASS OF COLOR PRINTING.

BILL, LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, CERTIFICATES, BONDS, ETC.



INCORPORATED 1850.

The Manhattan Life

Insurance Company
of New York

See Their New

6%

Investment Credit Policy.

IT IS

SUPERIOR TO ALL.

The Science of (Cheap) Soup Making

Franco-American Soups
are NOT prepared that way, as
our numerous visitors know.
Beware of Brands offered to
you as "just as good and cheaper
than Franco-American".

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.

Franklin St. and W. Broadway.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. Sample Can, 14 Cents.



SAMPLE CAKE BY MAIL 10c.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

SAMPLE CAKE BY MAIL 12c.

OOSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., 187 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



TRUE ECONOMY.

MRS. UPTOWN—"It's rather an expensive luxury to keep a girl and yet have to wash the china yourself."
MRS. FANGLE—"She's so rough that it would be a still more expensive luxury to let her wash it."

SILVER PLATE



YOU
CAN SAVE
MONEY

By Purchasing
SILVER PLATE
with
THIS
TRADE
MARK.



MERIDEN WARE

bearing the above TRADE MARK on
ICE PITCHERS, FRUIT DISHES, ETC., and the TRADE MARK



on KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, ETC., is beyond question the HIGHEST GRADE. It has stood the test of service for nearly FIFTY YEARS, and is GUARANTEED by the largest Silver Plate manufacturers in the world.

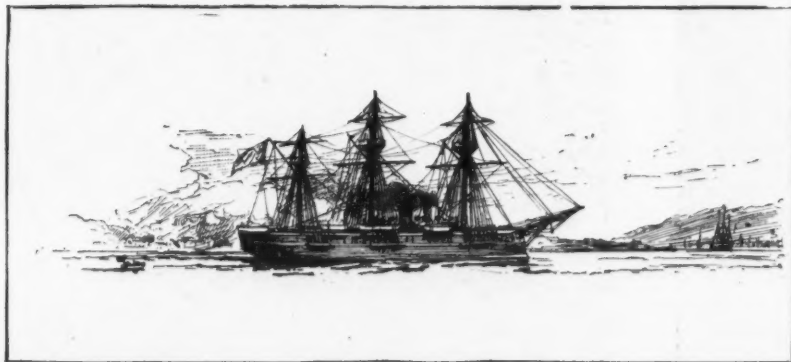
MERIDEN BRITANNIA Co.

CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. HAMILTON, ONT. LONDON, ENG. NEW YORK.
SOLD BY PRINCIPAL DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly

FOR 1894.

\$1.00 for Three Months. 10c. Per Copy.
SUBSCRIBE NOW.



THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION,
THE GREAT TARIFF DEBATE IN CONGRESS,
THE RESTORATION OF THE HAWAIIAN MONARCHY,
and THE PROGRESS OF OUR NEW NAVY,

are but four of the important features to be illustrated during the first three months of 1894 in "FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY." Special correspondents and a large staff of artists, together with the push and energy of a young and vigorous management have made the "LESLIE"

THE BEST AND MOST ENTERPRISING OF AMERICAN PICTORIALS

No event of importance will occur either at home or abroad which will not be placed before its readers during the coming year.
A subscription now for three months as a trial order will convince any lover of high-class pictorial journalism that no other American weekly will be found to equal the new "LESLIE."

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

R. H. **MACY** & CO. 13th to 14th St.
6th Ave., N. Y.

Largest assortment in America of Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods, suitable for Christmas presents, at prices from 25 to 40 per cent. less than elsewhere.

Black Gros Grain, also Black Satin Duchesse worth \$1.50 and \$2.00.....99 and \$1.25

High-class novelties in black and colored effects, worth \$1.50 and \$2.00.....99 and \$1.25

Black Moire Antique and Moire Francaise, \$1.25, \$1.49 and \$1.99

(Send for Samples.)

We can supply almost any want.

14 K GOLD PLATED INLAID \$3.25

HILL HE PAYS THE EXPRESS

Washington Crossing the Delaware.—Cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you this beautiful Gold Plated watch, by express, subject to full examination, and if you do not find it equal to any watch retailed at 3 times our price, you need not pay one cent. Otherwise pay the express agent \$3.25. The movement is a jeweled quick train, with oil tempered Pinion and Hair Spring. Durable accurate time keeper. Case is made of coin nickel, hand engraved (Cut shows back of case.) over which is placed 2 plates 14k Gold. Fully warranted. In carrying this watch you have the credit of owning a **SOLID GOLD WATCH** and for use just as desirable. **W. HILL & CO.,** Wholesale Dealers, 207 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: **JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.,** Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.



Duplicate Whist.

For Home Amusement and instruction in the game of Whist the **Kalamazoo Method** is unequalled

For Christmas Gift to Whist Players it is just the thing. You can find Kalamazoo Duplicate Whist Sets on sale at all leading Stationery and Sporting Goods Stores.

Prices range from \$3.00 to \$14.00 per set. Whist and Duplicate Whist Rules and Whist Etiquette as adopted by the 3rd American Whist Congress, 1893, sent to any address upon receipt of 2-ct. stamp.

IHLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich

PALL MALL MAGAZINE

December (Christmas) Number

192 pages of letterpress, profusely illustrated, and two colored plates. Important contributions from the best writers and artists of the day.

EDITED BY

LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON, M. P. and **SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, "BOBS,"** a poem by **RUDYARD KIPLING**; "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" (Chaps. I. III.), by **GEORGE MEREDITH**; "The Ghosts of Austerlitz," by **WILLIAM WALDOFF ASTOR**; "The Mystery of the Hacienda," by **BRET HARTE**; & c., etc.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE has proved the success of the year in periodical literature.

Editorial Offices: 18 Charing Cross Road, W. C. Publishing Offices: London—George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., Broadway, Ludgate Hill, G. C.; Manchester—George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., 16 Jackson's Row; New York—The International News Co.; Toronto—The Toronto News Co.; Montreal—The Montreal News Co.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO ADVERTISERS.

THE HAPPY

NEW YEAR JUDGE

Will be on sale everywhere during the week ending **December 30.**

A large extra edition will be printed, and the advertising will be arranged so as to bring best results.

No extra charge for space.

Advertising forms close December 15.

For further particulars, reservations of space, etc., address

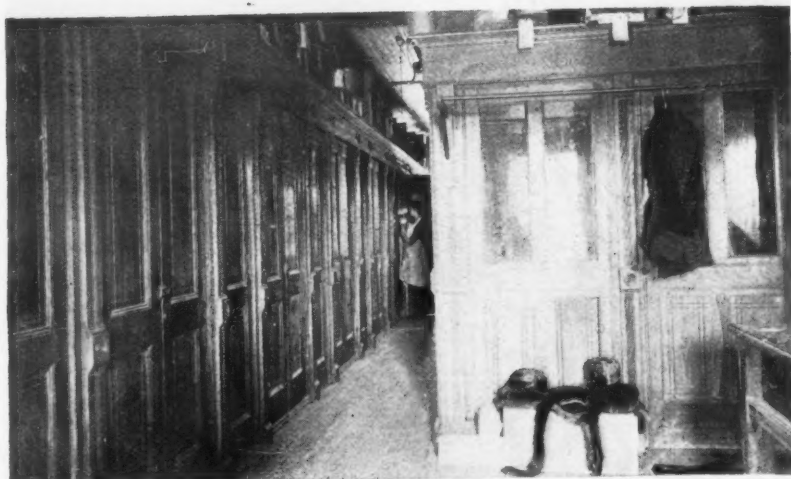
JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,

110 Fifth Ave., New York.

Advertising Ed., **WILLET F. COOK.**



CLEANING AND PREPARING DEPARTMENT—FOURTH FLOOR, NO. 126.



STORAGE ROOM—FOURTH FLOOR, NO. 124.



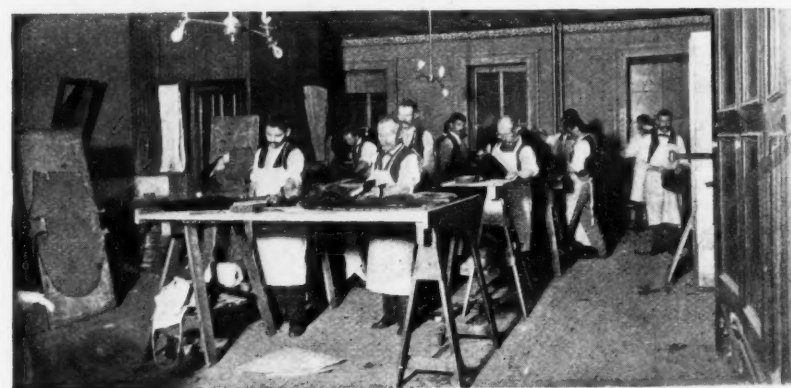
MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT—SEWING-ROOM, SECOND FLOOR, NO. 124.



LINING AND FINISHING DEPARTMENT—FOURTH FLOOR OF NO. 126.



MAIN SALESROOM—GARMENT DEPARTMENT, NOS. 124 AND 126.



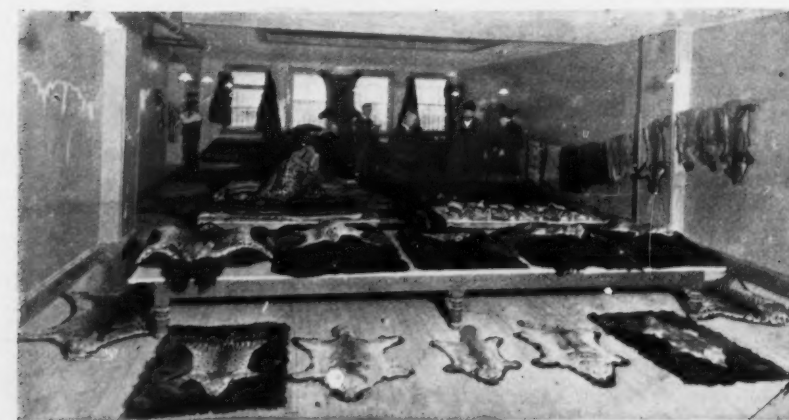
CUTTING DEPARTMENT—THIRD FLOORS, 124 AND 126.



WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT, NO. 126.



RETAIL DEPARTMENT OF NO. 124.



ROBE-ROOM—BASEMENT FLOOR OF NO. 126.



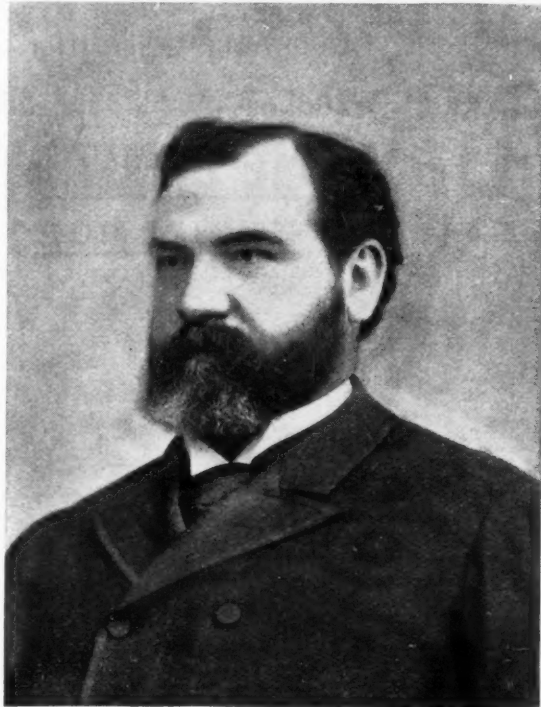
SHIPPING DEPARTMENT—BASEMENT OF NO. 124.

A GREAT FUR HOUSE.

To a large number of people who have not visited the World's Fair at Chicago an opportunity is now offered to see one of the leading exhibits made during the Exposition.

We refer to the exhibit of C. C. Shayne, which attracted the attention and admiration of thousands at the Chicago fair during the summer.

It is precisely the same in every detail, the pavilion and all, and a fair idea of its beauty may be gained from the illustration on this page. In addition to the magnificent array of furs, there are to be seen copies of the medals, diplomas, and awards which verified the statement from the best judges of furs in the world, who pronounced the fur garments manufactured by Shayne to be the handsomest ever placed on exhibition. In point of fact, the Shayne exhibit received highest awards for garments of Russian Sable, Mink, Hudson Bay Otter, Natural Otter, Seal skin and Fisher, and fur skins, natural and colored, dressed ready for use, all kinds, which embrace skins of Russian



C. C. SHAYNE.

Sable, Hudson Bay Sable, Stone Marten, Royal Ermine, Chinchilla, Persian Lamb, Mink, Moire Astrakhan, Fox, natural and dyed Lynx, Sea Otter, etc.

One of the most superb garments ever designed is to be seen in this pavilion, and consists of a mantle of Imperial Crown Russian Sable, made of dark, solid skins, surpassingly beautiful and silver tipped with gray. It has a sable tail border composed of 93 tails, and Mr. Shayne was several years in gathering them together. A handsome round muff is shown with the mantle, also a unique flat one, having a sable head ornamented with diamond eyes. There is also a neck boa of sable to match the set, which also has eyes of diamond. The entire set is valued at \$15,000. It is likely to create a sensation here in New York, and is already becoming the talk of the town.

The centre case is called the "white case," as it is filled with white fur, ermine and fox, and in the case at the right is a

wonderful piece of workmanship, as shown in the manufacture of an Eastern Mink garment, made of 85 skins. The lining is left out in order to show the expert, clean workmanship, which is next to marvelous. It is sewed in red, white and blue silk, the idea being that it is pure American fur, manufactured in American workshops by American workmen, in American style, and with American silk made by the best manufacturers of silk in the world.

In another case is a magnificent Otter garment; but then you must call at the Shayne Building on Forty-second Street and see these fur beauties yourself, to be able to derive any satisfactory idea of their marvelous elegance.

The full page of illustrations affords one an insight into the vast workings of this establishment. On the top floor are shown the Cleaning and Repairing Department, Lining and Finishing Department, and Storage Room. On the third floor is the Cutting Department, on the second are the Manufacturing Department and Sewing Room; on the ground floor are Wholesale and Retail Departments and the main salesroom, while in the basement are to be found the Robe Room and Shipping Department.

Christopher Columbus Shayne is an American born, of American education, and is a thorough believer in and a staunch advocate for American manufactures. Notwithstanding his large business interests, Mr. Shayne takes an active part in social and political affairs. But while he is a very busy man, and never neglects his business for society or politics, he appears to have time for everything, and to attend to things well. He never forgets a promise, nor has he ever been known to break his word when once given. Mr. Shayne has a delightful home in Galway, near Saratoga Springs, within half a mile of the house where he was born, and where he always spends his summers when not traveling abroad.

He declares that the American people have every reason to feel proud of the products of American manufacturers. Goods manufactured in Europe, when placed in competition with American products, do not compare with them in quality, style or finish. America makes the best hats in the world, the best jewelry, the best harness, the best carriages, and the time is not far off when the nations of the world will look to America for the finest class of goods to be obtained. Owing to the superior intelligence of the American workman and improved machinery, America to-day stands ahead of every other nation in producing nearly everything required by the human family.

During Mr. Shayne's trip abroad he took special pains to examine the quality of skins used and the style of garments offered. The dressing of the pelts did not compare with those dressed in America, nor did the style of garments show the variety and skill that are shown in the manufacture of the garments offered by the American merchant.

It is very important that mink, sable, and all natural furs should be properly cured and dressed. Garments made from skins properly cured and dressed will wear much longer and retain their natural color better than garments made from skins not properly cured and dressed. All goods manufactured by Shayne are made from selected skins to which special attention has been given in the dressing of the pelts.

The entire world looks to America for its supply of furs. Mink, Sable, Otter, Beaver, Marten, and Seal are all at their best in this country. The only staple furs that Europe furnishes are Russian Sable, Persian Lamb, Astrakhan, and Siberian Squirrel, and the only advantage England can offer is in the character of the dye of the seal. In this respect no nation has yet been able to compete with England, whereas we dye otter better than any other nation in the world, and the time is not far distant when we will be able to dye seal skin as well as England.

The more general use of furs by the civilized countries has made the fur trade of to-day of much greater importance than in those flourishing days when the fur traders were the chief



EXTERIOR VIEW OF ESTABLISHMENT.

pioneers of the North American continent. The chief supply of furs is obtained from North America, Russia, and Siberia, and as these tracts are for the greater part of the year frost-bound, the fur-bearing animals enjoy a comparatively unmolested life. The fur, therefore, grows thickly during this long winter season, and is in its best condition when the animal is trapped in the spring. Europe produces an immense amount of common furs, such as rabbit, hare and fox, besides very valuable marten and sable, but America produces the otter—the most serviceable fur in the world—mink, fisher, and beaver. South America yields nutria and chinchilla; Australia, the opossum and kangaroo; Africa, the monkey and leopard skins. All of these fur skins are brought to America in the raw state, and are dressed here now in a more superior manner than in any other country.

Mr. Shayne agrees to duplicate seal skin garments for the same price at which garments of equal quality can be purchased in any of the European fur centres.

All the leading styles in Mink, Sable, Marten, and Beaver can be found in Shayne's store, and at as low prices as any honorable fur house in the world can afford to sell. The public should not expect to buy goods of a merchant without paying him a profit, but there is a difference in the idea of profits. He is willing to sell first-class goods at small profits, believing that in doing a large business and turning the money over frequently the business will be more profitable than by selling fewer goods at larger profits.

When the article of merchandise handled is such that the customers must rely upon the integrity of the house rather than their own judgment, the increasing business of an establishment is an evidence that customers have been dealt with honorably. We simply call the attention of the public to the increase of Shayne's business during the past twenty years, as an evidence that he has dealt honorably with his customers and has given them entire satisfaction. It is a pleasure to do business when a merchant and his customers have confidence in each other. It is only the merchant who sells reliable and durable goods, which will bear inspection after they are worn, who succeeds in building up a substantial trade.

Mr. Shayne is a firm believer in advertising, but declares that advertising would not amount to much if a merchant did not sell reliable goods. The best advertisement any merchant can have is a pleased customer, and no customer will be pleased unless the article purchased gives satisfaction.

Owing to the backward season, and recognizing that money is scarce and that people do not like to part with it, he has marked all goods down to the lowest possible prices at which strictly reliable goods can be sold. Intending purchasers are cordially invited to call and examine the goods, and they are assured of polite attention whether they purchase or not.

After a visit to the interesting establishment of C. C. Shayne, one realizes what integrity, ability, concentration, and polite attention to purchasers will accomplish.

Mr. Shayne, who was located for a number of years at 103 Prince Street, in the manufacturing, wholesale and retail fur business, has removed and consolidated his downtown store with his Forty-second street business, and the consolidation of the two houses makes it one of the largest in the country. In the future all business will be conducted at the Forty-second Street house.

(From the Commercial Advertiser.)

THE new building of Mr. Shayne is five stories high, and its external appearance, all in deep red and dazzling white, makes a most imposing appearance, and it is cheery and is restful for the eye to gaze on.

The main floor is elegant in its hard-wood furnishings, and studding the walls at frequent intervals are magnificent specimens of elk and moose heads. Facing the entrance at the rear of the floor is a startling lifelike specimen of elk. Resplendent chandeliers dot the ceilings, and rich rugs in generous profusion carpet the hard-wood floor.



PAVILION.

SHAYNE'S EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE, on his last trip to America, in 1825, brought several cases of the genuine Marie Brizard & Roger Cordials to America, and they have been in demand here ever since. For sale everywhere. T. W. STEINER, Union Square, New York.

Brown's Household Panacea. "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25 cents a bottle.

AFTER a night with the boys
Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

No buffet should be without Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the great appetizer.

LOST TIME

is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for custards, puddings, and sauces. Try it and you will be surprised at the excellent results.

SONMER & Co., the great piano-makers, furnish every variety of instruments—square, upright, and grand—and are constantly striving to meet every demand. Their success has been phenomenal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



A BETTER COCKTAIL
AT HOME THAN IS
SERVED OVER ANY
BAR IN THE WORLD.

**The Club
Cocktails**

MANHATTAN,
MARTINI,
WHISKY,
HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN and
VERMOUTH.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Proprietors,
39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., and
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

Great Western
The Finest
CHAMPAGNE
In America.

Now used in many of the
best Hotels, Clubs and
Homes in Preference to
Foreign Vintages.

A home product
which Americans
are especially
proud of.

One that re-
flects the high-
est credit on
the country
which pro-
duces
it.



RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.

Address,
Pleasant
Valley
Wine
Company.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



ACHING SIDES AND BACK,
Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and
Weaknesses relieved in one minute
by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster,
the first and only pain-killing plaster.

GRECIAN MAIDENS

IT is well known in history that the
PEERLESS BEAUTY of Grecian
maidens was owing to their knowl-
edge of certain HARMLESS INGRED-
IENTS which they used at the bath. In our
day, young ladies find the same BEAUTI-
FYING PRINCIPLES combined in

Constantine's
Persian Healing
Pine Tar Soap.

The HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES of
this EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING
AGENT are UNLIMITED, but are more
particularly noticeable in their beautifying
effects upon the HAIR, COMPLEXION
AND TEETH. These CHARMS OF
FEMALE LOVELINESS are enhanced,
and THEIR POSSESSION ASSURED, to
every young lady who uses this

Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

Let all who desire to make themselves
IRRESISTIBLY BEAUTIFUL,

TRY IT!

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

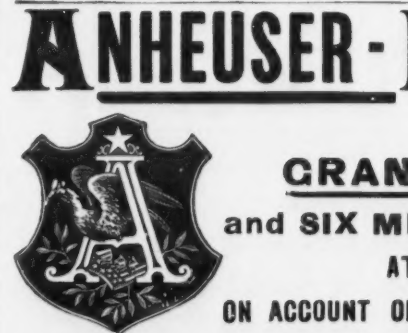
LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situa-
tion at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with
Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table
d'ôte.

THAT which makes KINOLY MEN whom wives and
sweethearts adore, FINE JERSEY INST., Jersey City, N.J.

DIXON'S AMERICAN
GRAPHITE PENCILS
Are unequalled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Mention FRANK LEE'S WEEKLY.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BEER



Awarded the
GRAND FIRST PRIZE
and **SIX MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS**
AT WORLD'S EXHIBITION
ON ACCOUNT OF EXCELLENCE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Highest score in Quality and Absolute Purity.

" Hop and Malt Flavor.
" Brilliancy.

Highest score in Commercial Importance of Brewery.

O. MEYER & CO., 104 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY
J. HARPER BONNELL CO.,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

JUSTIFIABLY POSTPONED.

MAMMA—"What's the matter, Johnnie?"
Johnnie—"Boo-hoo-oo! yesterday I fell down
and hurt myself."
Mamma—"Well, what are you crying to-day
for?"
Johnnie—"You weren't home yesterday."—
Judge.

THE DIFFERENCE.

MISTRESS—"What kind of pies are these,
cook?"
Cook—"Some av 'em is appul an' some is
mince."
Mistress—"But I told you to mark them so
they could be told apart; and they are all
marked 'T. M.'"
Cook—"So they be, mum—'Tis mince' an'
'Tain't mince."—Judge.

NO REMEDY.

"I DON'T believe you will ever marry her.
She has postponed the wedding seven times al-
ready."
"I know it, and I haven't even the power to
apply cloture."—Judge.

"THE FIRST LESSON."

"The First Lesson," which illustrates Miss Rhodes's
Christmas story in this number, has been very hand-
somer reproduced in photogravure by the highest
grade process. The size of the picture is about 16 by
20 inches, printed upon paper 20 by 24, and is equal to
a fine etching. Price, \$1.50.
Also Mr. Dumont's celebrated Monk pictures by the
same process. Elwood D. Haws, 25 Exchange Street,
Rochester, New York.

It's Right Against Common Sense

to suppose that an imitation offers
the customer any guarantee like
the original does. Take *Cottolene*
for example, FAIRBANK & Co.
discovered it, perfected it, and
spent thousands in making its
merits known. It is plainly to
their interest to make and keep it
what it is to-day—the most popu-
lar shortening in the world.

To accept any Counterfeits for Cottolene

these guarantees all disappear,
and the housekeeper is at the
mercy of an imitator who deals
on others' reputation and who
profits only by others' loss.

To ensure having good cook-
ing and healthful food stick
right to COTTOLENE and let all
imitations severely alone.



Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
CHICAGO,
St. Louis, Montreal, New York,
Boston, Philadelphia,
San Francisco, &c.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS
Be ware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAF
OF
Stewart
HARTSHORN
THE GENUINE



SEDENTARY CALLINGS
at sometime or other bring
on a torpid liver. This con-
dition is common to an in-
door life; then there follows
another condition, anaemia
or lack of blood; frequently
another worse effect—that
of dyspepsia. These condi-
tions aggravate one another.
Your bad temper is like-
wise aggravating to your
friends. No need to go fur-
ther, the rest is easy. If
you buy a vial of Doctor
Pierce's Pleasant Pellets
you'll find them a natural

remedy. Mild but effectual. They have a
strengthening effect upon the lining mem-
branes of stomach and bowels, hence their
effect is lasting. They cure Constipation, In-
digestion, Jaundice, Biliousness and Sick or
Bilious Headaches, permanently; because
they act naturally.

The best medical testimony proves that
these cases are best treated by mild methods.
One tiny, sugar-coated, Pellet is a corrector,
a regulator, and a gentle laxative. They are
put up in glass vials, easily carried and
always fresh. They are guaranteed to ben-
efit or cure, or the money is returned.

SIX FIRST PREMIUMS
AWARDED AT
World's Fair
Columbian Exposition
TO THE
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.
ON
HOME COMFORT
STEEL RANGES
ETC., ETC.

STYLE
No. 65.



THIS ILLUSTRATES THE
PREMIUM RANGE
RECEIVING THE
HIGHEST AWARDS OVER ALL OTHERS
EXHIBITED.

Made of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT
STEEL PLATE and will LAST A
LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN
FROM OUR OWN WAGONS throughout
CANADA and the UNITED STATES.

SOLD TO JANUARY 1st, 1893, 258,460.

MADE ONLY BY
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.
FACTORIES:
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.
and TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.
Founded 1864. Paid up Capital, \$1,000,000.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
"Home Comfort" Steel Hot-Air Furnaces

Arnold
Constable & Co.
LYONS

Silk and Wool Fabrics.

New Designs and Winter Colorings.

FANCY ARMURE COTELINE AND BARRE
Effects designed especially for com-
binations with VELVET or
SATIN TRIMMINGS.

COLORED VELOUTINE, COTELE,
Bengaline, Armure.

Silk and Wool
COATING FABRICS.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

SELF THREADING Sewing Needles. Work
easily and hold can thread them. Finest
"all-steel" spring steel. One style threads on one, other on
side. Sample paper of either kind by mail 10c. 2 for 15c. 4 for 25c. 12 for
70c. Money easily made selling them. C. E. MARSHALL, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

When you can get the Best at
large prices in any quantity.
Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets,
Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes,
Cook Books and all kinds of premi-
ums given to Club Agents.
Good Income made by getting
orders for our celebrated goods.
For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.
P.O. Box 280,
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

Your Family

should be provided with the well-known emergency medicine,

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

The best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Prompt to act,

Sure to Cure

Grand Central Station in the centre of New York City.

The Hudson River for one hundred and fifty miles.

The beautiful Mohawk Valley, in which are some of the finest landscapes in America.

Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract.

The Adirondack Mountains, "the Nation's pleasure ground and sanitarium."

The Empire State Express, fastest train in the world.

The Thousand Islands, the fisherman's paradise.

The New York and Chicago Limited, the most luxurious train in the world.

Are a few of the many attractions offered the public by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL,

"America's Greatest Railroad."

Going South?



Consider your comfort, and travel by the luxurious steamers of the

CLYDE LINE,

The Only Line of Steamships Between New York and Jacksonville, Florida, Without Change. Affording a delightful sail among the SEA ISLANDS ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST, calling at CHARLESTON, S. C. Sailing from Pier 29, East River, New York, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 3 P. M. Tables are supplied with the best the Northern and Southern markets afford.

THE CLYDE SHIPS are of modern construction, and provided with every appliance for safety, comfort, and speed. M. H. Clyde, A. T. M. A. J. Cole, P. A. Theo. G. Eger, T. M. WM. P. CLYDE & CO., Gen. Agts., 5 Bowling Green, N. Y. 12 So. Del. Ave., Phila.

SOLID TRAINS

—BETWEEN—

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO,

Via Chautauqua Lake or Niagara Falls.

PULLMAN SLEEPERS

Between New York and Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauqua Lake, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago.

D. I. ROBERTS, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

**Burlington
Route**

**BEST LINE
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS
TO
DENVER
FOUR TRAINS DAILY**

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



FOR MEDICINAL USE
NO FUSEL OIL

When you find anything popular you may depend upon it that it

HAS SUPERIOR MERIT.

This is precisely the case with

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

It is popular because it produces what no other malt preparation has ever produced, namely, a quick and healthful reaction upon the first appearance of any cold, cough or other symptom indicating disease. It can be obtained of any reliable druggist or grocer, and all purchasers should insist upon having DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY and no other.

Send for Illustrated Book.

DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO.,
Rochester, New York.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and \$1.00 at Druggists

The Orcutt Comp'y Leading Lithographers
W. B. ORCUTT, Gen. Mgr.
Correspondence Solicited. Chicago.

Portable Parlor HEATERS

The only Fuel of its character in the Market.

Marvelous

FUEL

Send for Catalogue.

U. S. FUEL CO., Ltd.,

19 Park Place,

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1888. NEW YORK.



H. B. CURTIS & CO'S
Delphi
TRADE MARK
BEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR
25c
FACTORIES
TROY, N. Y.

ADORN YOUR HOME



GRIMME & HEMPEL, 310 Broadway, New York.
Main House and Factory, Leipzig, Germany.

IMPERIAL GRANUM



IS THE BEST SUITED
WEAK AND DELICATE CONDITIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS
THE SAFEST

FOOD

IN THE SICK ROOM FOR

INVALIDS

AND CONVALESCENTS.

PURE DELICIOUS

-NOURISHING-

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND

CHILDREN

—UNRIVALLED—

FOR DISPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS.

A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED

FEVERS.

AND OF RARE MEDICAL EXCELLENCE IN ALL GASTRIC

AND ENTERIC DISEASES. ESPECIALLY IN

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY

CHOLERA

SHIPPING DEPOT

DRUGGISTS * JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK

THE JUDGES

OF THE

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

Have made the

HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to

WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

BREAKFAST COCOA,

Premium No. 1, Chocolate, . .

Vanilla Chocolate,

German Sweet Chocolate, . .

Cocoa Butter,

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

LADY WANTED at home, to assist in preparing addresses, also other writing and easy office work. \$25 to \$50 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp.

WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Inc.)

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.

So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white.

With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste.

Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to

E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

TAMAR A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

INDIEN Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

GRILLON E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

ADORN YOUR HOME

with our artistic

Diaphanies

(Colored Transparent Glass Pictures).

Most magnificent decoration for Windows, Transoms, Skylights, Door Panels of Hotels, Churches, Private Residences, and all places where Art Glass is used.

Well Assorted Stock of ALL KINDS OF PICTURES.

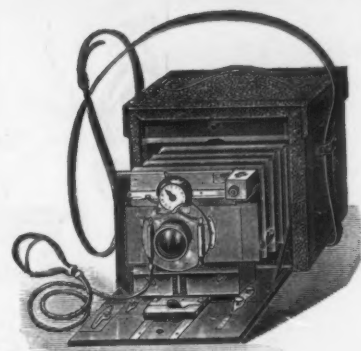
Unparalleled as Holiday and Wedding Presents.

To be had at all first-class Art Stores, all Picture Departments in first-class dry-goods houses.

Our Illustrated Catalogue, containing about 600 illustrations, will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Colored Catalogue, \$1.00. Amount refunded in case of \$10.00 order.

GRIMME & HEMPEL, 310 Broadway, New York.

Main House and Factory, Leipzig, Germany.



The Columbus Model

Folding KODAKS

Combine with the compactness of the Kodak every feature which advanced amateurs desire in a camera.

Fitted with Double Swing Back Iris Diaphragm Shutter, and rising front. Can be used with plates and films, and are adapted to stereoscopic work.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Send for Catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



1893. IN EVERY VARIETY.

FOR HAND AND MACHINE WORK,

ALSO

Button-sewing, Lace-making, Embroidery, OR OTHER FANCY WORK.

Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout the Country.

THE BARBOUR BROS. CO.,

New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.

ASK FOR BARBOUR'S.



Gold Seal

"As PURE AS A PRIMROSE."

THE PERFECTION OF

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

For Sale by

All Leading Wine Dealers and Grocers.

Urbana Wine Company,

URBANA, N. Y.

★ **BENEDICT BROTHERS** ★

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Fine Watches in every style of cases. Carefully selected White Diamonds and other precious gems in great variety.

Our stock of the beautiful colored American Pearls, received directly from the West, is very large. Rich Jewelry, Chains, and Sterling Silver Goods. Special attention is called to our patent CUFF and COLLAR BUTTON. No gentleman should be without it.

"THE BENEDICT." Only perfect cuff, sleeve, and collar button made. Is oblong. Goes in like a wedge and flies around across the button-hole. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. No wear or tear, and can be put on any sleeve-button.

(PATENT.)

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

BENEDICT BUILDING, BROADWAY AND CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

★ **BENEDICT'S TIME** ★

Trade Mark. ESTABLISHED 1821.

For Over Fifty Years!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. 25 cents.

FAUTH'S GERMAN PILLS.

An absolute Cure for Weakness of Men. Sent by mail, sealed, for \$1. Pamphlet free. Agents wanted. Address THE OLIVER REMEDY CO., P. O. Box 973 F, Washington, D. C.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; Grange, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE, on his last trip to America, in 1825, brought several cases of the genuine Marie Brizard & Roger Cordiale to America, and they have been in demand here ever since. For sale everywhere. T. W. STEINER, Union Square, New York.

Brown's Household Panacea. "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25 cents a bottle.

AFTER a night with the boys
Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

No buffet should be without Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the great appetizer.

LOST TIME

is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for custards, puddings, and sauces. Try it and you will be surprised at the excellent results.

SOHMER & Co., the great piano-makers, furnish every variety of instruments—square, upright, and grand—and are constantly striving to meet every demand. Their success has been phenomenal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



A BETTER COCKTAIL
AT HOME THAN IS
SERVED OVER ANY
BAR IN THE WORLD.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN,
MARTINI,
WHISKY,
HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN and
VERMOUTH.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

Sole
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Proprietors,
39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., and
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

Great Western The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the
best Hotels, Clubs and
Homes in Preference to
Foreign Vintages.

A home product
which Americans
are especially
proud of.

One that re-
flects the high-
est credit on
the country
which pro-
duces
it.



Address,
**Pleasant
Valley
Wine
Company,**

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. **POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.** "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



ACHING SIDES AND BACK,
Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and
Weaknesses relieved in one minute
by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster,
the first and only pain-killing plaster.

GRECIAN MAIDENS

IT is well known in history that the
PEERLESS BEAUTY of Grecian
maidens was owing to their knowl-
edge of certain **HARMLESS INGRED-
IENTS** which they used at the bath. In our
day, young ladies find the same **BEAUTI-
FYING PRINCIPLES** combined in

Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

The **HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES** of
this **EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING
AGENT** are **UNLIMITED**, but are more
particularly noticeable in their beautifying
effects upon the **HAIR, COMPLEXION
AND TEETH**. These **CHARMS OF
FEMALE LOVELINESS** are enhanced, and
their **POSSESSION ASSURED**, to
every young lady who uses this

Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

Let all who desire to make themselves
IRRESISTIBLY BEAUTIFUL,

TRY IT!

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situa-
tion at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with
Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table
d'ôte.

THAT which makes **KINDLY MEN** whom wives and
sweethearts adore; **FRANK JERSEY INST., Jersey City, N. J.**



DIXON'S
AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS
Are unequalled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Mention **FRANK LEE'S WEEKLY.**

KAISER - BUSCH BEER



Awarded the
GRAND FIRST PRIZE
and **SIX MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS**
AT **WORLD'S EXHIBITION**
ON ACCOUNT OF EXCELLENCE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Highest score in Quality and Absolute Purity.

" Hop and Malt Flavor.
" Brilliancy.

Highest score in Commercial Importance of Brewery.

O. MEYER & CO., 104 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY

J. HARPER BONNELL CO.,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

JUSTIFIABLY POSTPONED.

MAMMA—"What's the matter, Johnnie?"
JOHNNIE—"Boo-hoo-oo! yesterday I fell down
and hurt myself."
MAMMA—"Well, what are you crying to-day
for?"
JOHNNIE—"You weren't home yesterday."—
Judge.

THE DIFFERENCE.

MISTRESS—"What kind of pies are these,
cook?"
COOK—"Some av 'em is appul an' some is
mince."
MISTRESS—"But I told you to mark them so
they could be told apart; and they are all
marked 'T. M.'"
COOK—"So they be, mum—'Tis mince' an'
'Tain't mince."—Judge.

NO REMEDY.

"I DON'T believe you will ever marry her.
She has postponed the wedding seven times al-
ready."
"I know it, and I haven't even the power to
apply cluture."—Judge.

"THE FIRST LESSON."

"THE First Lesson," which illustrates Miss Rhodes's
Christmas story in this number, has been very hand-
somer reproduced in photogravure by the highest
grade process. The size of the picture is about 16 by
20 inches, printed upon paper 20 by 24, and is equal to
a fine etching. Price, \$1.50.
Also Mr. Dumont's celebrated Monk pictures by the
same process. Elwood D. Haws, 25 Exchange Street,
Rochester, New York.

It's Right Against Common Sense

to suppose that an imitation offers
the customer any guarantee like
the original does. Take **Cottolene**
for example, **FAIRBANK & CO.**
discovered it, perfected it, and
spent thousands in making its
merits known. It is plainly to
their interest to make and keep it
what it is to-day—the most popu-
lar shortening in the world.

But when you come

To accept any Counterfeits for Cottolene

these guarantees all disappear,
and the housekeeper is at the
mercy of an imitator who deals
on others' reputation and who
profits only by others' loss.

To ensure having good cook-
ing and healthful food stick
right to **COTTOLENE** and let all
imitations severely alone.



Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
CHICAGO,
St. Louis, Montreal, New York,
Boston, Philadelphia,
San Francisco, &c.



KAISER - BUSCH BEER

Awarded the
GRAND FIRST PRIZE
and **SIX MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS**
AT **WORLD'S EXHIBITION**
ON ACCOUNT OF EXCELLENCE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Highest score in Quality and Absolute Purity.

" Hop and Malt Flavor.
" Brilliancy.

Highest score in Commercial Importance of Brewery.

O. MEYER & CO., 104 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY

J. HARPER BONNELL CO.,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.



SEDENTARY CALLINGS
at sometime or other bring
on a torpid liver. This con-
dition is common to an in-
door life; then there follows
another condition, anæmia
or lack of blood; frequently
another worse effect—that
of dyspepsia. These condi-
tions aggravate one another.
Your bad temper is like-
wise aggravating to your
friends. No need to go fur-
ther, the rest is easy. If
you buy a vial of Doctor
Pierce's Pleasant Pellets
you'll find them a **natural**

remedy. Mild but effectual. They have a
strengthening effect upon the lining mem-
branes of stomach and bowels, hence their
effect is **lasting**. They cure Constipation, In-
digestion, Jaundice, Biliousness and Sick or
Bilious Headaches, permanently; because
they act naturally.

The best medical testimony proves that
these cases are best treated by **mild** methods.
One tiny, sugar-coated, Pellet is a corrector,
a regulator, and a gentle laxative. They are
put up in glass vials, easily carried and
always fresh. They are **guaranteed** to ben-
efit or cure, or the money is returned.

SIX FIRST PREMIUMS AWARDED AT World's Fair Columbian Exposition TO THE WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO. ON HOME COMFORT STEEL RANGES ETC., ETC.

STYLE
No. 65.



THIS ILLUSTRATES THE
PREMIUM RANGE
RECEIVING THE
**HIGHEST AWARDS OVER ALL OTHERS
EXHIBITED.**

Made of **MALLEABLE IRON** and **WROUGHT
STEEL PLATE** and will **LAST A
LIFETIME** if properly used.

Sold **ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN
FROM OUR OWN WAGONS** throughout
CANADA and the UNITED STATES.

**MADE ONLY BY
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.**

ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.
and **TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.**

Founded 1864. Paid up Capital, \$1,000,000.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
"Home Comfort" Steel Hot-Air Furnaces

Arnold Constable & Co. LYONS Silk and Wool Fabrics.

New Designs and Winter Colorings.
FANCY ARMURE COTELINE AND BARRÉ
Effects designed especially for com-
binations with **VELVET** or
SATIN TRIMMINGS.

COLORED VELOURINE, COTELÉ,
Bengaline, Armure.
**Silk and Wool
COATING FABRICS.**

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

SELF THREADING Sewing Needles. Work
sighted or blind can thread them. Finest
silver spring steel. One style threads on one side,
side. Sample paper of either kind by mail 10c. 2 for 15c. 4 for 25c. 12 for
70c. Money easily made selling them. C. E. MARSHALL, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

When you can get the **Best at
Cargo prices** in any quantity.
Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets,
Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes,
Cook Books and all kinds of premi-
ums given to **Club Agents.**
Good income made by getting
orders for our celebrated goods.
For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.
P. O. Box 269,
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

Your Family

should be provided with the well-known emergency medicine,

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL

The best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Prompt to act,

Sure to Cure

Grand Central Station in the centre of New York City.

The Hudson River for one hundred and fifty miles.

The beautiful Mohawk Valley, in which are some of the finest landscapes in America.

Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract.

The Adirondack Mountains, "the Nation's pleasure ground and sanitarium."

The Empire State Express, fastest train in the world.

The Thousand Islands, the fisherman's paradise.

The New York and Chicago Limited, the most luxurious train in the world.

Are a few of the many attractions offered the public by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL,

"America's Greatest Railroad."

Going South?



Consider your comfort, and travel by the luxurious steamers of the

CLYDE LINE,

The Only Line of Steamships Between New York and Jacksonville, Florida, Without Change. Affording a delightful sail among the SEA ISLANDS ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST,

calling at CHARLESTON, S. C. Sailing from Pier 29, East River, New York, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 3 P.M. Tables are supplied with the best the Northern and Southern markets afford.

THE CLYDE SHIPS are of modern construction, and provided with every appliance for safety, comfort, and speed.

M. H. Clyde, A. T. M. A. J. Cole, P. A. Theo. G. Eger, T. M. WM. P. CLYDE & CO., Gen. Agts., 5 Bowling Green, N. Y. 12 So. Del. Ave., Phila.

SOLID TRAINS

—BETWEEN—

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO,

Via Chautauqua Lake or Niagara Falls.

PULLMAN SLEEPERS

Between New York and Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauqua Lake, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago.

D. I. ROBERTS, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

**Burlington
Route**

BEST LINE

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

TO

DENVER

FOUR TRAINS DAILY

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



FOR MEDICINAL USE
NO FUSEL OIL

When you find anything popular you may depend upon it that it

HAS SUPERIOR MERIT.

This is precisely the case with

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

It is popular because it produces what no other malt preparation has ever produced, namely, a quick and healthful reaction upon the first appearance of any cold, cough or other symptom indicating disease. It can be obtained of any reliable druggist or grocer, and all purchasers should insist upon having DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY and no other.

Send for Illustrated Book.

DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO.,
Rochester, New York.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

The Orcutt Comp'y Leading Lithographers
W. B. ORCUTT, Genl. Mgr.
Correspondence Solicited. Chicago.

Portable Parlor HEATERS

The only Fuel of its character in the Market.

Marvelous

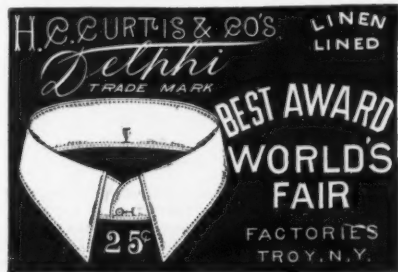
FUEL

Send for Catalogue.

U. S. FUEL CO., Ltd.,

19 Park Place,

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1888. NEW YORK.



H.C. CURTIS & CO'S

Delphi

TRADE MARK

BEST AWARD

WORLD'S FAIR

25c

FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

ADORN YOUR HOME



GRIMME & HEMPEL, 310 Broadway, New York.

Main House and Factory, Leipzig, Germany.

IMPERIAL GRANUM



IS THE BEST SUITED FOOD FOR ALL WEAK AND DELICATE CONDITIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS

THE SAFEST

FOOD

IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS

AND CONVALESCENTS.

PURE DELICIOUS

-NOURISHING-

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN

-UNRIVALED- FOR DISPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS. A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED

FEVERS, AND OF RARE MEDICINAL EXCELLENCE IN ALL GASTRIC AND ENTERIC DISEASES, ESPECIALLY IN

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, SCANTUM

DRUGGISTS * SHIPPING DEPOT * JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK

THE JUDGES

Of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

Have made the

HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to

WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

BREAKFAST COCOA,

Premium No. 1, Chocolate, . .

Vanilla Chocolate,

German Sweet Chocolate, . .

Cocoa Butter,

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

LADY WANTED

at home, to assist in preparing addresses, also other writing and easy office work. \$25 to \$50 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp.

WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Inc.)

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.

So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white.

With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste.

Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to

E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

OPIUM

TAMAR

INDIEN

GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

with our artistic

Diaphanities

(Colored Transparent Glass Pictures).

Most magnificent decoration for Windows, Transoms, Skylights, Door Panels of Hotels, Churches, Private Residences, and all places where Art Glass is used.

WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF PICTURES.

Unparalleled as Holiday and Wedding Presents.

To be had at all first-class Art Stores, all Picture Departments in first-class dry-goods houses.

Our Illustrated Catalogue, containing about 600 illustrations, will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Colored Catalogue, \$1.00. Amount refunded in case of \$10.00 order.



The Columbus Model

Folding KODAKS

Combine with the compactness of the Kodak every feature which advanced amateurs desire in a camera.

Fitted with Double Swing Back Iris Diaphragm Shutter, and rising front. Can be used with plates and films, and are adapted to stereoscopic work.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Send for Catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1784.

1893. IN EVERY VARIETY.



FOR HAND

AND

MACHINE

WORK,

ALSO

Button-sewing, Lace-making, Embroidery, OR OTHER FANCY WORK.

Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout the Country.

THE BARBOUR BROS. CO.,

New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.

ASK FOR BARBOUR'S.

Gold Seal

"AS PURE AS A PRIMROSE."

THE PERFECTION OF

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

For Sale by

All Leading Wine Dealers and Grocers.

Urbana Wine Company,

URBANA, N. Y.

★ BENEDICT BROTHERS ★

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Fine Watches in every style of cases. Carefully selected White Diamonds and other precious gems in great variety.

Our stock of the beautiful colored American Pearls, received directly from the West, is very large. Rich Jewelry, Chains, and Sterling Silver Goods. Special attention is called to our patent CUFF and COLLAR BUTTON. No gentleman should be without it.



BENEDICT BROTHERS,

BENEDICT BUILDING, BROADWAY AND CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

BENEDICT'S TIME. Trade Mark. ESTABLISHED 1821.

For Over Fifty Years!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD. SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. 25 cents.

FAUTH'S GERMAN PILLS.

An absolute Cure for Weakness of Men. Sent by mail, sealed, for \$1. Pamphlet free. Agents wanted. Address THE OLIVER REMEDY CO., P. O. Box 573 F, Washington, D. C.



APPARENT IDENTIFICATION.
PAT O'ROURKE—"Oh! Ugh! Phwhat is it?"
DENTIST—"I should say it was of Irish extraction."



No Christmas is quite complete without **Chocolat-Menier** enters into the festivities.

Its delicious taste, well-known strengthening properties, and aid to digestion make it just the present fitting the times, alike acceptable to the young housekeeper, the dyspeptic or the aged.

That every one may get the benefit of this announcement if your grocer hasn't it to supply you, send his name and \$4.80 and we will send a 12-pound carton (yellow wrapper), express charges prepaid.

Give address plainly and name this paper.

PARIS. - - - **MENIER.** - - - LONDON.
86 W. Broadway, N. Y. City. - - - 59 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

McALLISTER
M.F.G.
OPTICIAN
49 NASSAU ST.
NEW YORK.

FOR MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS, AND MANY THOUSANDS OF VIEWS, ILLUSTRATING ENTERTAINMENT, HOME INSTRUCTION, AMUSEMENT, PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, CHURCH & SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK, COLLEGES, SECRET SOCIETIES. SEND FOR 240 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE. A PROFITABLE BUSINESS FOR MAN WITH SMALL CAPITAL.

THE "ECLIPSE"
DISSOLVING
STEREOPTICON,
ESPECIALLY DESIGNED
FOR EXHIBITORS,
CLERGYMEN, ETC.
MANUFACTURED BY
CHAS BESELER.
218 CENTRE ST. NEAR GRAND.
NEW YORK.
SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE, N92.

Always
The Best
**BARNEY
AND
BERRY**
SKATES
Catalogue FREE.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

25 CTS. **PISO'S CURE FOR** 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Fine Cooking at Home.



Some people think that they cannot prepare the delicate soups and sauces and delicious "made dishes," which are peculiar to the best French cooking, in their homes. But

Miss MARIA PARLOA says

that by the using as a "stock" or basis the celebrated

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

they can be easily, cheaply, and successfully made at home.

She has written 100 recipes which will be sent gratis, by mail, by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

**5
WORLD'S FAIR
MEDALS**
Were awarded to the makers of
RAMBLER BICYCLES
For various points of excellence, the
HIGHEST AWARD ON BICYCLES.
All about RAMBLERS in our fine Catalogue.
Free at all Rambler Agencies, or sent
direct for two 3-cent stamps.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

A. JAECKEL
FURS
11 EAST 19TH STREET,
BET. 5TH AVE. & BROADWAY
**GENTLEMEN'S FUR-LINED
OVERCOATS.**

IS YOUR RAZOR DULL?
RAZORINE guaranteed to sharpen any razor, or money refunded. 15 cents; all druggists or by mail.
Razorine Mfg. Co., 2 West 14th Street, New York.

THIS MACHINE FOR \$14. FREIGHT PRE-PAID.
We now offer for the next sixty days this elegant Oxford High Arm Improved Singer sewing machine—perfect—reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, self threading, Cylinder Shuttle, Self Setting Needle, complete set of the latest Steel Attachments, cabinet work, best of walnut or oak, each machine warranted for ten years, safe delivery guaranteed and will sell a few at this extremely low price, \$14, freight prepaid, or will ship machine on thirty days' trial, subject to approval and examination for \$15. When cash in full accompanies order for one of these machines if it is not satisfactory in every respect, do the work any family sewing machine can do, we bind ourselves upon the return of machine to refund all money. Where can you buy on better terms? Do not let this opportunity of a life time pass if you are in need of a first class sewing machine. Cut this out and send it to us to-day with your order. Our large catalogue, showing the machines awarded Premium Medal at the World's Fair, Chicago, sent free to any address.
OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 340 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

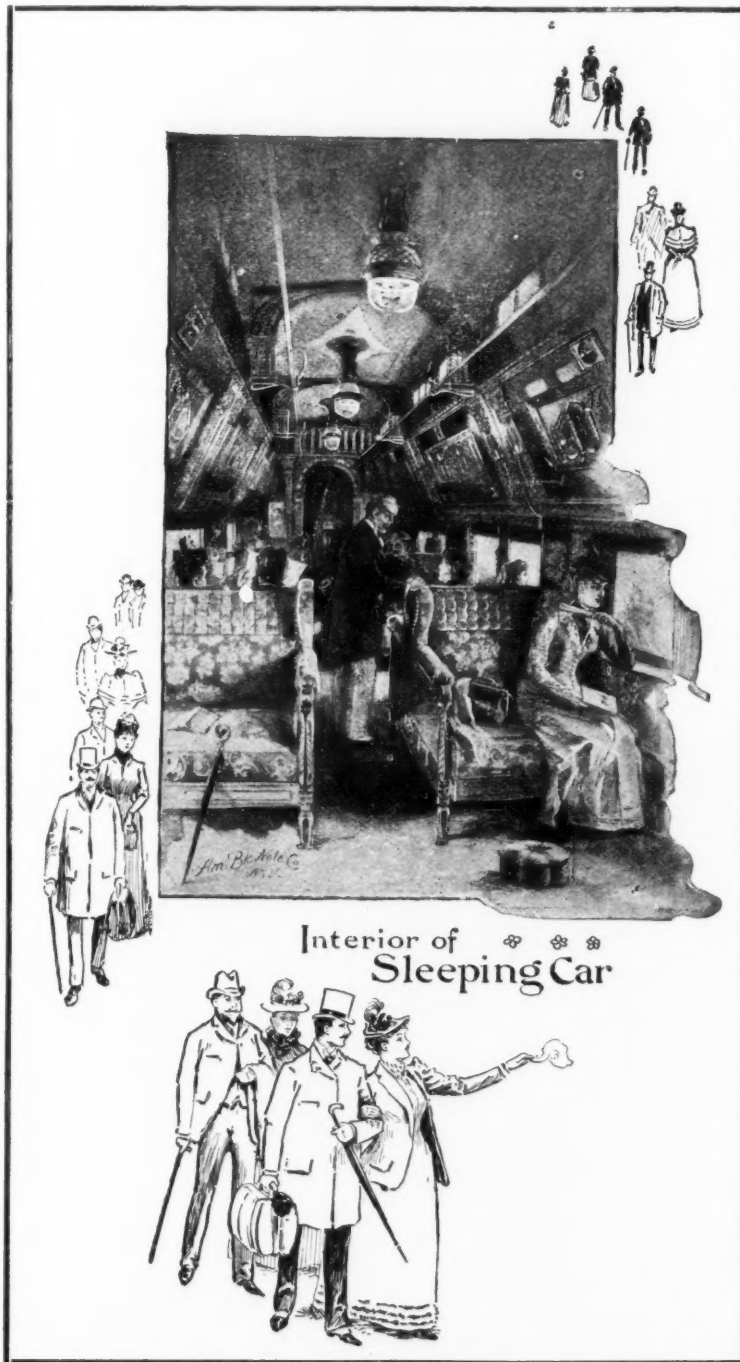
Lundborg's

the **FINEST** and most **POPULAR** PERFUMES, are particularly appropriate and acceptable at Christmas time

The Luxury of Travel exemplified on the New York Central.

New Cars, the finest in service; New Engines, the fastest ever built;
A Block Signal System, the most perfect ever devised.

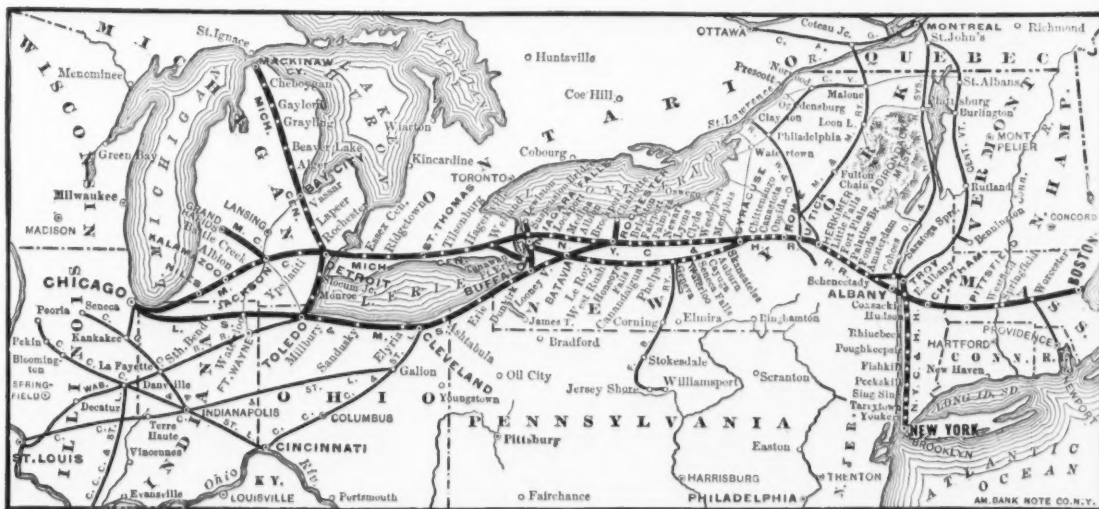
The
New York Central
invites
your
patronage
on
the
ground
that
its
train
service
and
accommodations
are
the
best.



Interior of
Sleeping Car

The
New York Central
is the
only
railroad
which
has
five
superbly
equipped
trains
daily
between
the
East
and
West.

THE DIRECT LINE TO NIAGARA FALLS.



MAP OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R.R. AND CONNECTIONS.

Our Through Cars

reach the great Health and
Pleasure Resorts, as well as
the Principal Commercial
Centres, of America.

For a new \$600.00 map of "America's Great Resorts," send two 2-cent stamps to
George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



APPARENT IDENTIFICATION.
PAT O'ROURKE—"Oh! Ugh! Phwhat is it?"
DENTIST—"I should say it was of Irish extraction."



No Christmas is quite complete without **Chocolat-Menier** enters into the festivities.

Its delicious taste, well-known strengthening properties, and aid to digestion make it just the present fitting the times, alike acceptable to the young housekeeper, the dyspeptic or the aged.

That every one may get the benefit of this announcement if your grocer hasn't it to supply you, send his name and \$4.80 and we will send a 12-pound carton (yellow wrapper), express charges prepaid.

Give address plainly and name this paper.

PARIS. - - - **MENIER.** - - - LONDON.

86 W. Broadway, N. Y. City. - - - 59 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

McALLISTER
M.F.G.
OPTICIAN
49 NASSAUST
NEW YORK.

FOR MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS,
AND MANY THOUSANDS OF VIEWS, EVERY SUBJECT
ILLUSTRATING
ENTERTAINMENT
HOME INSTRUCTION
AMUSEMENT
PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS
CHURCH &
SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.
COLLEGES
SECRET SOCIETIES

240 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE.
A PROFITABLE BUSINESS FOR MAN WITH SMALL CAPITAL.

THE "ECLIPSE"
DISSOLVING
STEREOPTICON,
ESPECIALLY DESIGNED
FOR EXHIBITORS,
CLERGYMEN ETC.
(MANUFACTURED BY)
CHAS BESELER.
218 CENTRE ST. NEAR GRAND.
NEW YORK.
SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE. N 92.

Always
The Best
**BARNEY
AND
BERRY**
SKATES
Catalogue FREE.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Fine Cooking at Home.



Some people think that they cannot prepare the delicate soups and sauces and delicious "made dishes," which are peculiar to the best French cooking, in their homes. But

Miss MARIA PARLOA says

that by the using as a "stock" or basis the celebrated

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

they can be easily, cheaply, and successfully made at home.

She has written 100 recipes which will be sent gratis, by mail, by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

**5
WORLD'S FAIR
MEDALS**
Were awarded to the makers of
RAMBLER BICYCLES
For various points of excellence, the
HIGHEST AWARD ON BICYCLES.
All about RAMBLERS in our fine Catalogue.
Free at all Rambler Agencies, or sent
direct for two 2-cent stamps.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

**A. JAECKEL
FURS**
11 EAST 19TH STREET,
BET. 5TH AVE. & BROADWAY
**GENTLEMEN'S FUR-LINED
OVERCOATS.**

IS YOUR RAZOR DULL?
RAZORINE guaranteed to sharpen any razor, or money refunded. 15 cents; all druggists or by mail.
Razorine Mfg. Co., 2 West 14th Street, New York.

THIS MACHINE FOR \$14. FREIGHT PRE-PAID.
We now offer for the next sixty days this elegant Oxford High Arm Improved Singer sewing machine—perfect—reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, self threading **Cylinder Shuttle, Self Setting Needle**, complete set of the latest **Steel Attachments**, cabinet work, best of walnut or oak, each machine warranted for ten years, safe delivery guaranteed and will sell a few at this extremely low price, \$14, freight prepaid, or will ship machine on thirty days' trial, subject to approval and examination for \$15. When cash in full accompanies order for one of these machines if it is not satisfactory in every respect, do the work any family sewing machine can do, we bind ourselves upon the return of machine to refund all money. Where can you buy on better terms? Do not let this opportunity of a life time pass if you are in need of a first class sewing machine. Cut this out and send it to us to-day with your order. Our large catalogue, showing the machines awarded **Premium Medal** at the World's Fair, Chicago, sent free to any address.
OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 340 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

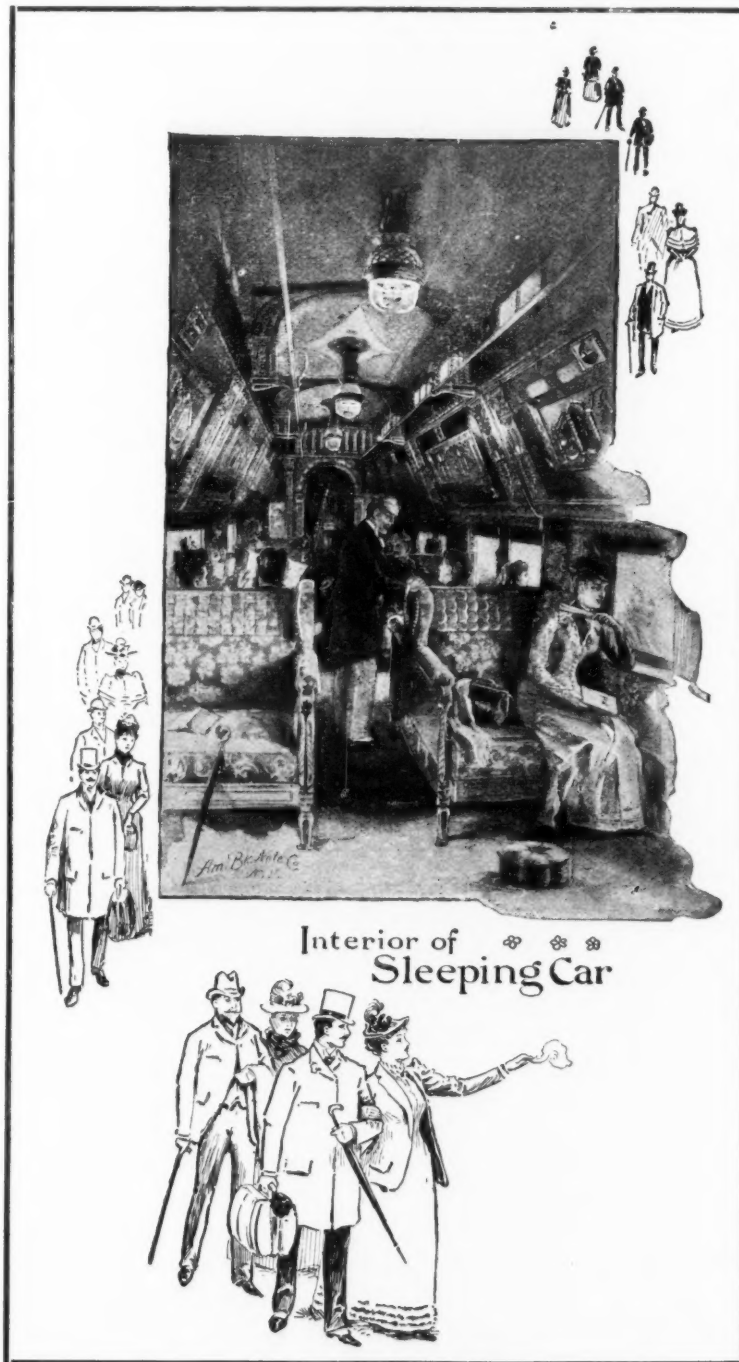
Lundborg's

the **FINEST** and most **POPULAR** PERFUMES,
are particularly appropriate and acceptable at
Christmas time

The Luxury of Travel exemplified on the New York Central.

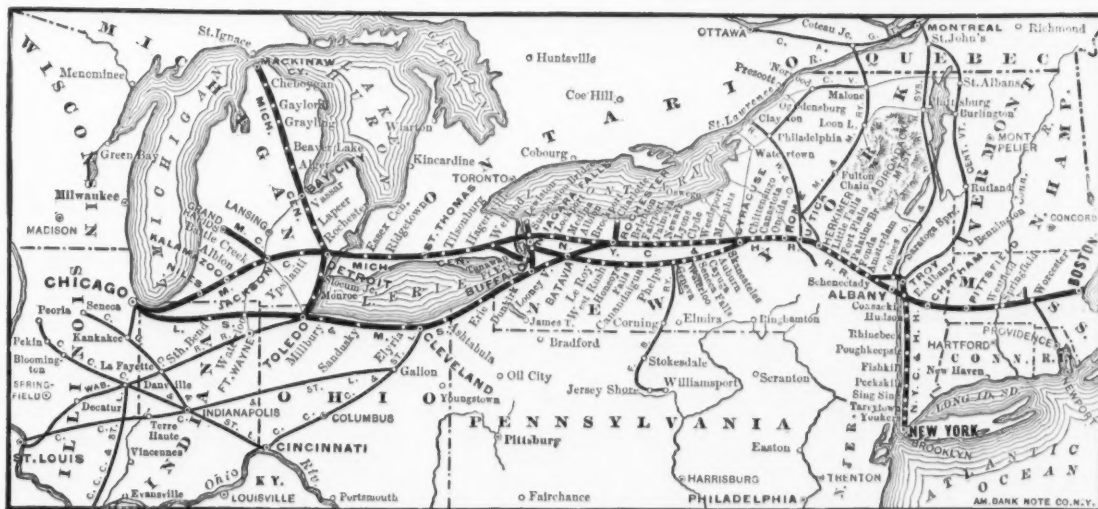
New Cars, the finest in service; New Engines, the fastest ever built;
A Block Signal System, the most perfect ever devised.

The
New York Central
invites
your
patronage
on
the
ground
that
its
train
service
and
accommodations
are
the
best.



The
New York Central
is the
only
railroad
which
has
five
superbly
equipped
trains
daily
between
the
East
and
West.

THE DIRECT LINE TO NIAGARA FALLS.



MAP OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R.R. AND CONNECTIONS.

Our Through Cars

reach the great Health and
Pleasure Resorts, as well as
the Principal Commercial
Centres, of America.

For a new \$600.00 map of "America's Great Resorts," send two 2-cent stamps to
George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



THE SANTA CLAUS OF HEALTH IS

SCOTT'S EMULSION. It brings to the little ones the priceless gifts of Healthy Flesh, Rosy Cheeks and Solid Bones, and overcomes the hereditary faints that show themselves in diseased or depleted blood, narrow chests and Emaciation.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the cream of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda—a perfect and palatable nourishment. Babies and Children like the taste of it and weak mothers gain strength rapidly by taking it. Physicians, the world over endorse it.

CURES COUGHS, COLDS, WEAK LUNGS, LOSS OF FLESH AND ANÆMIA.

PREPARED BY
SCOTT & BOWNE,
CHEMISTS, NEW YORK CITY.

DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOK ABOUT NORWAY AND HER COD FISHERIES.